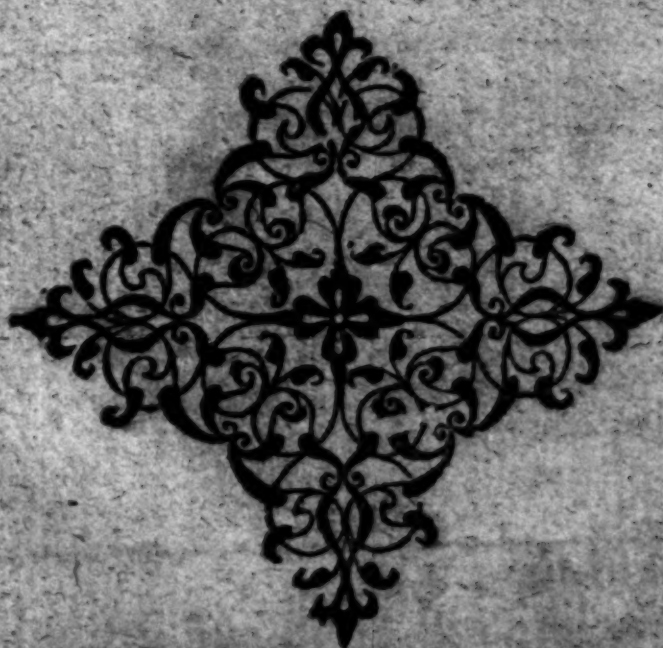


The troublesome

reigne and lamentable death of
Edward the second, King of
England: *with the tragicall*
fall of proud Mortimer:

And also the life and death of Peirs Gaueston,
the great Earle of Cornewall, and mighty
faurite of king Edward the second, as it was
publiquely acted by the right honorable
the Earle of Pembroke his
seruantes.

Written by Chri. Marlow Gent.



Imprinted at London by Richard Bradocke,
for William Iones dwelling neere Holbourne conduit,
at the signe of the Gunne. 1598.

The trouble some

and dangerous

of the second King of

England and the

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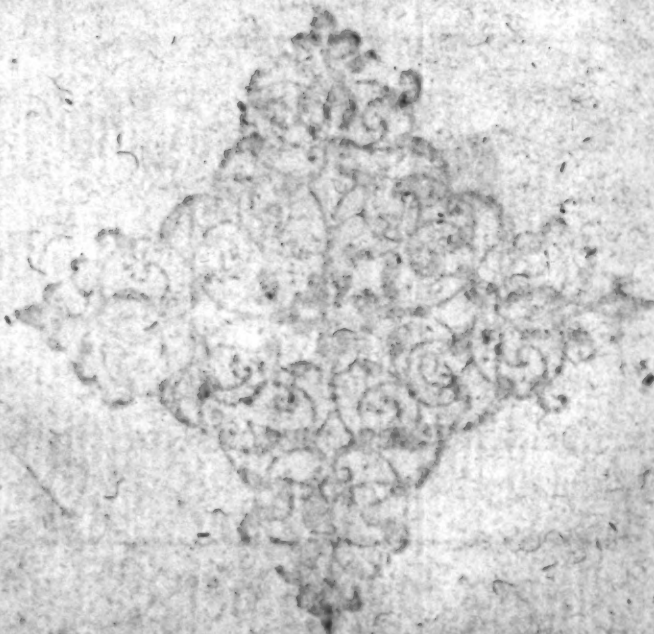
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Printed at London by Richard Braddock

In the Strand, near the Temple

in the year of the Queen 1588



*Enter Gauestone reading on a letter that was
brought him from the king.*



Y father is deceast, come *Gaueston*, (friend,
And share the kingdome with thy deereſt
Ah words that make me ſurſet with delight
What greater bliſſe can hap to *Gaueston*,
Then liue and be the favorite of a King?

Sweete prince I come, theſe theſe thy amorous lines,
Might haue enforſt me to haue ſwum from France,
And like *Leander* gaspt vpon the ſande,
So thou wouldeſt ſmile and take me in thine armes,
The ſight of London to my exciled eies,
Is as *Elizium* to a newe come ſoule,
Not that I loue the citie or the men,
But that it harbours him I hold ſo deere,
The king, vpon whoſe boſome let me die,
And with the world be ſtill at enmitie:
What neede the articke people loue ſtar-light,
To whome the ſunne ſhines both by day and night,
Farewell baſe ſtooping to the lordly peeres,
My knee ſhall bowe to none but to the king,
As for the multitude that are but ſparkes,
Rakt vp in embers of their pouertie,
Tanti: Ile fanne fiſt on the winde,
Thar glaunceth at my lips and ſlieth away:
But how now, what are theſe?

Enter three poore men.

Poore men, Such as deſire your worſhips ſeruiſe,

Gaueſt. What canſt thou doe?

1. *Poore.* I can ride,

Gaueſt. But I haue no horſe, What art thou?

2. *Poore.* A trauelller.

Gaueſt. Let me ſee, thou wouldeſt doe well

To waite at my trencher, and tell me lies at dinner time,

The Tragedie

And as I like your discourfing, ile haue you.

And what art thou?

3. *poore.* A souldier, that hath seru'd against the Scot.

Gau. Why there are hospitals for such as you,
I haue no warre, and therefore fir be gone.

Sold. Farewell, and perish by a souldiers hand,
That would'tt reward them with an hospitall.

Gau. I, I, these wordes of his moue me as much,
As if a Goole should play the Porcupine,
And dart her plumes, thinking to pierce my brest,
But yet it is no paine to speake men faire,
Ile flatter these, and make them liue in hope:
You know that I came lately out of France,
And yet I haue not viewd my Lord the king,
If I speede well, ile entertaine you all.

Omnes. We thanke your worship.

Gau. I haue some busines, leaue me to my selfe.

Omnes. We will waite heere about the court. *Exeunt.*

Gau. Do: these are not men for me,
I must haue wanton Poets, pleasant wits,
Musitions, that with touching of a string
May draw the pliant king which way I please:
Musicke and poetry is his delight,
Therefore ile haue Italian masks by night,
Sweete speeches, comedies, and pleasing showes,
And in the day when he shall walke abroad,
Like *Siluan* Nimphes my pages shall be clad,
My men like Satyres grazing on the lawnes,
Shall with their Goate feete daunce the Anticke hay,
Sometime a louely boy in *Dians* shape,
With haire that gilds the water as it glides,
Crownets of pearle about his naked armes,
And in his sportfull hands an Oliue tree,
To hide those partes which men delight to see,
Shall bathe him in a spring, and there hard by,
One like *Acteon* peeping through the groue,
Shall by the angry goddesse be transformde,
And running in the likenes of an Hart,
By yelping hounds puld downe, and seeme to die,

Such

of Edward the Second.

Such things as these best please his maieſtye.
My Lord, here comes the king and the nobles
From the parlement, ile ſtand aſide.

*Enter the King, Lancaſter, Mortimer ſenior, Mortimer
iunior, Edmond Earle of Kent, Gaue Earle of Warwicke, &c.*
Edward. Lancaſter.

Lancaſt. My Lord,

Gauſt. That Earle of Lancaſter do Labhorre

Edw. Will you not graunt me this? in ſpite of them

Ile haue my will, and theſe two *Mortimers*,

That croſſe me thus, ſhall know I am diſpleaſd.

Mor. ſe. If you loue vs my Lord, hate *Gauſton*.

Gauſt. That villaine *Mortimer* ile be his death.

Mor. iu. Mine vncle heere, this Earle. & I my ſelfe,

Were ſworne to your father at his death,

That he ſhould nere returne into the realme,

And know my lord, ere I will breake my oath,

This ſworde of mine that ſhould offend your foes,

Shall ſleepe within the ſcaberd at thy neede,

And vnderneath thy banners march who will,

For *Mortimer* will hang his armor vp.

Gauſt. *Mortimer* die.

Edw. Well *Mortimer*, ile make thee rue theſe words,

Beſeemes it thee to contradict thy king?

Frounſt thou thereat aspiring Lancaſter,

The ſworde ſhall plaine theſe ſorrowes of thy browes,

And hew theſe knees that now are growne ſo ſtiffe,

I will haue *Gauſton*, and you ſhall know,

What danger tis to ſtand againſt your king.

Gauſt. Well doone, Ned.

Lan. My lord, why do you thus incenſe your peeres,

That naturally would loue and honour you?

But for that baſe and obſcure *Gauſton*,

Foure Earldomes haue I beſides Lancaſter,

Darbie, Salsbury, Lincolne, Leiceſter,

Theſe will I ſell to giue my ſouldiers paye,

Ere *Gauſton* ſhall ſtay within the realme,

Therefore if he be come, expell him ſtraight.

The Tragedy

Edm. Barons and Earles, your pride hath made men.
 But now ile speake and to the prooffe I hope:
 I do remember in my fathers dayes,
 Lord *Peirce* of the north being highly mou'd,
 Brau'd *Moubery* in presence of the king,
 For which had not his highnes lou'd him well,
 He should haue lost his head, but with his looke,
 The vudaunted spirit of *Peirce* was appeald,
 And *Moubery* and he were reconcilder.
 Yet dare you braue the king vnto his face,
 Brother reuenge it, and let these their heads,
 Preach vpon poles for trespasse of their tongues.

Warwicke. O our heads.

Edm. I yous, and therefore I would wish you graunt:

Warw. Bridle thy anger gentle *Mortimer*,

Mor. in. I cannot, nor I will not, I must speake,

Cosin, our hands I hope shall fence our heads,

And strike off his that makes you threaten vs,

Come vncle let vs leaue the brainicke king,

And henceforth parlie with our naked swords,

Mor. se. Wilshire hath men enough to saue our heads,

Warw. All Warwickshire will loue him for my sake.

Lanc. And Northward *Gaueston* hath many friends,

Adew my Lord, and either change your minde,

Or looke to see the throne where you should sit,

To floate in bloud, and at thy wanton head,

The glozing head of thy base minion throwne.

Exeunt nobiles.

Edw. I cannot brooke these haucie menaces:

Am I a king and must be ouer rulde?

Brother display my ensignes in the fielde,

Ile bandie with the Barons and the Earles,

And either die or liue with *Gaueston*,

Gauc. I can no longer keepe me from my lord.

Edw. What *Gaueston* welcome, kis not my hand,

Embrace me *Gaueston* as I do thee:

Why shouldst thou kneele,

Knowest thou not who I am?

Thy friend, thy selfe, another *Gaueston*,

Not

Not *Hilas* was more mourned for *Hercules*,
 Then thou hast beene of me since thy exile.
Gau. And since I went from hence, no soule in hell
 Hath felt more torment then poore *Gauceston*.

Edw. I know it, brother welcome home my friend,
 Now let the treacherous *Mortimers* conspire,
 And that high minded Earle of *Lancaster*,
 I haue my wish, in that Iioy thy sight,
 And sooner shall the sea ouerwhelme my land,
 Then beare the ship that shall transport thee hences.
 I heere create the Lord high Chamberlaine,
 Cheefe Secretary to the state and me,
 Earle of Cornewall, king and lord of Man.

Gaucest. My lord, these titles farre exceede my worth.

Kent. Brother the least of these may well suffice
 For one of greater birth then *Gauceston*.

Edw. Cease brother, For I cannot brooke these words,
 Thy worth sweet friend is farre aboue my gifts,
 Therefore to equall it receiue my heart,
 If for these dignities thou be enuied,
 Ile giue thee more, for but to honour thee,
 Is *Edward* pleazd with kingly regiment,
 Fearst thou thy person? thou shalt haue a guard.
 Wants thou Gould? go to my treasure.
 Wouldst thou be lou'd and feard? receiue my scale,
 Save or condemne, and in our name commaunde,
 What so thy minde affectes or fancie likes.

Gau. It shall suffice me to enioy your loue,
 Which whiles I haue, I thinke my selfe as great,
 As *Cesar* riding in the Romaine streete,
 With Captiue kings at histryumphant Carre.

Enter the Bishop of Couentrie.

Edw. Whether goes my Lord of Couentrie so fast?

Bish. To celebrate your fathers exequies,
 But is that wicked *Gauceston* returnd?

Edw. I priest, and liues to be reuengd on thee,
 That wert the onely cause of his exile.

Gau. Tis true, and but for reuerence of these robes,
 Thou shouldst not plod one foote beyond this place.

Bish. I did no more then I was bound to do,
And *Gauceston* vnlesse thou be reclaimed,
As then I did incense the parlement,
So will I now, and thou shalt backe to France:

Gauc. Sauing your reuerence, you must pardon me.

Edw. Throwe of his golden miter, rend his stole,
And in the channell christen him a new.

Kent. Ah brother, lay not violent hands on him,
For heele complaine vnto the sea of Rome.

Gauc. Let him complaine vnto the sea of hell,
He be reuengd on him for my exile.

Edw. No, spare his life, but seaze vpon his goods,
Be thou lord bishop, and receiue his rents,
And make him serue thee as thy chaplaine,
I giue him thee, heere vse him as thou wilt.

Gauc. He shall to prison, and there die in bonds.

Edw. I to the tower, the fleete, or where thou wilt.

Bish. For this offence be thou accurst of God.

Edw. Whose there? conuey this priest to the tower.

Bish. True, true.

Edw. But in the meane time *Gauceston* away,
And take possession of his house & goods,
Come follow me, and thou shalt haue my guard,
To see it done, and bring thee safe againe.

Gauc. What should a priest do with so faire a house?
A prison may befeeme his holinesse.

*Enter both the Mortimers, Warwicke,
and Lancaster.*

War. Tis true, the Bishop is in the Tower,
And goods and bodie giuen to *Gauceston*.

Lan. What? will they tyrannyze vpon the Church?
Ah wicked king, accursed *Gauceston*,
This ground which is corrupted with their steps,
Shall be their timelesse sepulcher, or mine.

Mor. iij. Wel, let that peeuishe Frenchman guard him sure
Vnlesse his brest be sword prooffe he shall die.

Mor. se. How now, why droopes the Earle of Lancaster?

Mor. iij. Wherefore is *Guy* of Warwicke discontent?

Lan. That villaine *Gauceston* is made an Earle.

Mort. sen.

Mort. sen. An Earle!

War. I, and besides Lord Chamberlane of the realme,
And secretarie to, and Lord of Man.

Mort. se. We may not, nor we will not suffer this.

Mort. in. Why post we not from hence to leuie men?

Lan. My Lord of Cornewall, now at euery word,
And happie is the man, whom he vouchsafes
For vailing of his bonnet one good looke,
Thus arme in arme, the king and he doth march:
Nay more, the garde vpon his Lordship waites:
And all the court begins to flatter him.

War. Thus leaning on the shoulder of the king,
He nods, and scornes, and smiles at those that passe.

Mort. se. Doth no man take exceptions at the slaue?

Lan. All stomacke him, but none dare speake a word.

Mort. in. Ah that bewraies their basenes Lancaster,
Were all the Earles and Barrons of my minde,
Weele hale him from the bosome of the king,
And at the court gate hang the pesant vp,
Who swolne with venome of ambitious pride,
Will be the ruine of the realme and vs.

Enter the Bishop of Canterburie.

War. Heere comes my Lord of Canterburies grace.

Lan. His countenance bewraies he is displeasde.

Bish. First were his sacred garments rent and torne,
Then laide they violent handes vpon him next,
Himselfe imprisoned, and his goods asceasde,
This certifie the Pope, away take horse.

Lan. My Lord, will you take armes against the king?

Bish. What neede I, God himselfe is vp in armes,
When violence is offered to the Church.

Mort. in. Then will you ioyne with vs that be his peeres
To banish or behead that *Ganeston*.

Bish. What else my Lordes, for it concerns me neere,
The Bishopricke of *Conentrie* is his.

Enter the Queene

Mort. in. Madam, whether walks your maiestie so fast?

Que. Vnto the Forrest gentle *Mortimer*,
To lue in grieve and balefull discontent,

The Tragedie

For now my Lord the king regards me not,
But dotes vpon the loue of *Gaueston*,
He claps his cheekes, and hanges about his necke,
Smiles in his face, and whispers in his eares,
And when I come, he frownes, as who should say,
Go whether thou wilt seeing I haue *Gaueston*.

Mor. se. Is it not strange, that he is thus bewitcht?

Mor. ju. Madam, returne vnto the court againe:
That she inueigling Frenchman weele exile,
Or lose our liues: and yet ere that day come,
The king shall lose his crowne, for we haue power,
And courage to, to be reuengde at full.

Bish. But yet list not your swords against the king.

Lan. No, but weele list *Gaueston* from hence.

War. And warre must be the meanes, or heele stay still

Que. Then let him stay, for rather then my Lord
Shall be oppressd with ciuill mutinies,
I will endure a melancholie life,
And let him frolicke with his minion.

Bish. My Lordes, to eaze all this, but heare me speake,
We and the rest that are his counsellors,
Will meete, and with a generall consent,
Confirm his banishment with our handes and seales.

Lan. What we confirme the king will frustrate.

Mor. ju. Then may we lawfully reuolt from him.

War. But say my Lord, where shall this meeting bee?

Bish. At the newe Temple.

Mor. ju. Content:

An in the meane time ile intreat you all,
To crosse to Lambeth, and there stay with me.

Lan. Come then lets away.

Mor. ju. Madam farewell.

Que. Farewell sweet *Mortimer*, and for my sake,
Forbeare to leue armes against the king.

Mor. ju. I, if wordes will serue, if not, I must.

Enter Gaueston and the earle of Kent.

Gau. Edmond the mightie Prince of Lancaster,
That hath more earledomes then an asse can beare,
And both the *Mortimers* two goodly men,

With

of Edward the second.

Whith *Gnie* of Warwich that redoubted knight;
Are gone towards Lambeth, there let them remaine.

Enter Nobiles.

Exeunt.

Lan. Here is the forme of *Gaueston*s exile:
May it please your Lordship to subscribe your name.

Bish. Giue me the paper.

Lan. Quicke quicke my Lord,
I long to write my name,

War. But I long more to see him banisht hence,

Mor.in. The name of *Mortimer* shall fright the king,
Vnlesse he be declinde from that base pesant.

Enter the King and Gaueston.

Edw. What? are you mow'd that *Gaueston* sits heere?
It is our pleasure, we will haue it so,

Lan. Your grace doth well to place him by your side,
For no where else the newe earle is so safe.

Mor.se. What man of noble birth can brooke this sight?
Quam male conueniunt:

See what a scornfull looke the pesant casts,

Penb. Can kingle Lions fawne on creeping Ants?

War. Ignoble vassaile that like *Phaeton*,
Aspir'st vnto the guidance of the sunne.

Mor.in. Their downfall is at hand, their forces downe,
We will not thus be facd and ouerpeerd,

Edw. Lay handes on that tratour *Mortimer*.

Mor.se. Lay hands on that traitor *Gaueston*.

Kent. Is this the duetic that you owe your king?

War. We know our dueties, let him know his peeres.

Edw. Whether will you beare him, stay or ye shall die.

Mor.se. We are no traitors, therefore threaten not.

Gau. No, threaten not my Lord, but pay them home,
Were I a king.

Mor.in. Thou villaine, wherefore talkes thou of a king,
That hardly art a gentleman by birth?

Edw. Were he a peasant being my minion,
He make the proudest of you floupe to him.

Lan. My Lord you may not thus disparage vs.
Away I say with hatefull *Gaueston*.

Mor.se. And with the earle of *Kent* that fauours him.

The Tragedie

Edw. Nay, when lay violent hands vpon your king,
Here *Mortimer*, sit thou in *Edwardes* throne,
Warwicke and *Lancaster*, weare you my crowne,
Was euer king thus ouer rulse as I?

Lan. Learne then to rule vs better and the realme,

Mor.in. What we haue done,

our heart blood shall maintaine,

War. Thinke you that we can brooke this vpstart pride?

Edw. Anger and wrathfull furie stops my speech.

Bish. Why are you mou'd, be patient my Lord,
And see what we your counsellors haue done.

Mor.in. My Lordes, now let vs all be resolute,
And eyther haue our wils, or loose our liues.

Edw. Meete you for this, proud ouerdaring peeres,
Ere my sweete *Ganeston* shall part from me,
This ile shall fleete vpon the Ocean,
And wanderto the vnfrequented Inde.

Bish. You know that I am legate to the Pope,
On your alleagance to the sea of Rome,
Subscribe as we haue done to his exile.

Mor.in. Curse him, if he refuse, and then may we
Depose him and elect an other king.

Edw. I there it goes, but yet I will not yeeld,
Curse me, depose me, doe the worst you can.

Lan. Then linger not my lord but do it straight.

Bish. Remember how the Bishop was abused,
Either banish him that was the cause thereof,
Or I will presently discharge these Lord,
Of duety and alleagence due to thee.

Edw. It bootes me not to threat, I must speake faire,
The Legate of the Pope will be obaid:
My lord, you shalbe Chauncellor of the Realme.

Thou *Lancaster*, high admirall of our fleete,

Yong *Mortimer* and his vnckle shalbe earles,

And you lord *Warwick*, president of the North,

And thou of *Wales*, if this content you not,

Make seuerall kingdomes of this monarchy,

And share it equally amongst you all,

So I may haue some nooke or corner left,

of Edward the second,

To frolike with my deereſt *Ganeſton*.

Biſh. Nothing ſhall alter vs, wee are reſolvd,

Lan. Come, come, ſubſcribe.

Mor. in. Why ſhould you loue him,
whome the world hates ſo?

Edw. Becauſe he loues me more then all the world:

Ah none but rude and ſavage minded men,

Would ſeeke the ruine of my *Ganeſton*,

You that be noble borne ſhould pitie him.

War. You that are princely borne ſhould ſhake him off,

For ſhame ſubſcribe, and let the lowne depart.

Mor. ſc. Urge him my lord.

Biſh. Are you content to baniſh him the reame?

Edw. I ſee I muſt, and therefore am content,

In ſteede of ſinke, ile write it with my teares.

Mor. in. The king is loue-ſicke for his minion.

Edw. Tis done, and now accuſed hand fall off.

Lan. Giue it me, ile haue it publiſhed in the ſtreetes,

Mor. in. Ile ſee him preſently diſpatched away.

Biſh. Now is my heart at eaſe.

War. And ſo is mine.

Penb. This will be good newes to the common ſort.

Mor. ſc. Be it or no, he ſhall not linger here.

Exeunt Nobiles.

Edw. How faſt they run to baniſh him I loue,

They would not ſtir, were it to do me good:

Why ſhould a king be ſubieſt to a prieſt?

Proud Rome, that hatcheſt ſuch imperiall groomes,

For theſe thy ſuperſtitious taper lights,

Wherewith thy Antiechriſtian churches blaze,

Ile fire thy craſed buildings, and enforce

The papall towers, to kiſſe the lowlye ground,

With ſlaughtered prieſts may *Tyber*s channell ſwell,

And bankes raiſd higher with their ſepulchers:

As for the peeres that backe the cleargie thus,

If I be king, not one of them ſhall liue.

Enter Ganeſton.

Gane. My lord I heare it whiſpered euery where,

That I am baniſh'd, and muſt ſlie the land.

The Tragedie

Edw. Tis true sweete *Gaueston*, oh were it false,
The Legate of the Pope will haue it so,
And thou must hence, or I shall be depos'd,
But I will raigne to be reueng'd of them,
And therefore sweete friend, take it patiently.
Liue where thou wilt, ile send thee Gould enough,
And long thou shalt not stay, or if thou doost,
Ile come to thee, my loue shall neare decline.

Gaue. Is all my hope turnd to this hell of greefe.

Edw. Rend not my heart with thy to piercing words,
Thou from this land, I from my selfe am banisht.

Gaue. To go from hence, greeues not poore *Gaueston*,
But to forsake you, in whose gracious looks
The blessednes of *Gaueston* remaines,
For no where else seekes he felicitie.

Edw. And only this torments my wretched soule,
That whether I will or no thou must depart:
Be gouernour of Ireland in my stead,
And there abide till fortune call thee home.
Here take my picture, and let me weare thine,
O might I keepe thee heere, as I doe this,
Happie were I but now most miserable.

Gaue. Tis something to be pitied of a king.

Edw. Thou shalt not hence, Ile hide thee *Gaueston*.

Gau. I shall be found, and then twil greeue me more.

Edw. Kinde words and mutuall talke, makes our greefe
greater.

Therefore with dum imbracement let vs part,
Stay *Gaueston* I cannot leaue thee thus.

Gaue. For every looke, my lord drops downe a teare,
Seeing I must go, do not renew my sorrow.

Edw. The time is little that thou hast to stay,
And therefore giue me leaue to looke my fill,
But come sweete friend, ile beare thee on thy way.

Gaue. The peeres will frowne.

Edw. I passe not for their anger, come lets go,
O that we might as well returne as goe.

Enter Edmund and Queene Isabell.

Qu. Whether goes my lord?

Edw.

Edw. Fawne not on me French strumper, get thee gone: *Exit I*

Qu. On whom but on my husband should I fawne?

Gau. On *Mortimer*, with whom yngentle *Queene*,
I say no more, iudge you the rest my lord.

Qu. In saying this, thou wrongst me *Gau.*
Is't not enough, that thou corrupts my lord,
And art a bawd to his affections,
But thou must call mine honour thus in question?

Gau. I meane not so, your grace must pardon me.

Edw. Thou art too familiar with that *Mortimer*,
And by thy meanes is *Gau.* exile,
But I would wish thee reconcile the lords,
Or thou shalt nere be reconcild to me.

Qu. Your highnes knowes, it lies not in my power.

Edw. A way then, touch me not, come *Gau.*

Qu. Villaine, tis thou that robst me of my lord.

Gau. Madam, tis you that rob me of my lord.

Edw. Speake not vnto her, let her droope and pine.

Qu. Wherein my lord, haue I deseru'd these words?
Witnesse the teares that *Isabella* sheds,
Witnesse this hart, that fighting for thee breakes,
How deare my lord is to poore *Isabell*.

Edw. And witnesse heauen how dere thou art to me.
There weepe: for till my *Gau.* be repeald,
Assure thy selfe thou comst not in my sight.

Exeunt Edward and Gau.

Qu. O miserable and distressed *Queene*!
Would when I left sweet France and was imbarke,
That charming *Circes* walking on the waues,
Had chaungd my shape, or at the mariage day
The cup of *Hymen* had beene full of poyson,
Or with those armes that twind about my neck,
I had beene stifled, and not liued to see,
The king my lord thus to abandon me:
Like frantick *Iuno* will I fill the earth,
With gastly murmure of my sighes and cries
For neuer doted *Ioue* on *Gau.*
So much as he on cursed *Gau.*,
But that will more exasperate his wrath.

The Tragedie

I must entreat him I must speake him faire,
And be a meanes to call home *Gaueston*:
And yet heele euer dote on *Gaueston*,
And so am I for euer miserable.

Enter the nobles to the Queene.

Lanc. Looke where the sister of the king of Fraunce,
Sits wringing of her hands, and beats her brest;

Warw. The king I feare hath ill intreated hir.

Pen. Hard is the heart that iniuries such a faint.

Mor. in. I know tis long of *Gaueston* she weepes.

Mor. se. Why? he is gone.

Mor. in. Madam, how fares your grace?

Qu. Ah *Mortimer*! now breaks the kings hate forth.
And he confesseth that he loues me not.

Mor. in. Cry quittance Madam then, and loue not him.

Qu. No, rather will I die a thousand deaths,
And yet I loue in vaine, heele nere loue me.

Lan. Feare ye not Madame, now his minions gone,
His wanton humor will be quickly left.

Qu. Oh neuer Lancaster! I am inioyned,
To sue vnto you all for his repeale:
This wils my Lord, and this must I performe,
Or else be banisht from his highnesse presence.

Lan. For his repeale, Madame, he comes not backe,
Vnlesse the sea cast vp his shipwrackt bodie.

War. And to behold so sweete a sight as that,
Theres none here, but would run his horse to death.

Mor. in. But madam, would you haue vs cal him home?

Qu. I *Mortimer*, for till he be restorde,
The angry king hath banisht me the court:
And therefore as thou louest and tendrest me,
Be thou my aduocate vnto these peeres.

Mor. in. What, would you haue me plead for *Gaueston*?

Mor. se. Plead for him that will, I am resolute.

Lan. And so am I my Lord, diswade the Queene.

Qu. O Lancaster, let him diswade the king,
For tis against my will he should returne.

War. Then speake not for him, let the peasant go.

Qu. Tis for my selfe I speake, and not for him.

Pen.

Pen. No speaking will preuaile and therefore cease.

Mor.in. Fare Queene forbear to angle for the fish,
Which being caught, strikes him that takes it dead,
I meane that vile *Torpedo*, *Ganeſton*,
That now I hope ſtotes on the Irith ſeas.

Qu. Sweete *Mortimer*, ſit downe by me a while,
And I will tell thee reaſons of ſuch waighte,
As thou wilt ſoone ſubſcribe to his repeale.

Mor.in. It is impoſſible, but ſpeake your minde.

Qu. Then thus, but none ſhall heare it but our ſelues.

Lan. My Lords albeir the Queene winne *Mortimer*,
will you be reſolute and hold with me?

Mor.ſe. Not I againſt my nephew.

Pen. Feare not, the queens words cannot alter him.

War. No, do but marke how earneſtly ſhe pleads.

Lan. And ſee how coldly his lookes make deniall.

War. She ſmiles, now for my life his minde is chang'd.

Lan. Ile rather looſe his friendſhip I, then graunt.

Mor.in. Well of neceſſitie it muſt be ſo,

My Lords that I abhor baſe *Ganeſton*,

I hope your honors make no queſtion,

And therefore though I plead for his repeall,

Tis not for his ſake, but for our auaille:

Nay for the realmes behoofe and for the kings.

Lan. Fie *Mortimer*, diſhonour not thy ſelfe,
Can this be true twas good to baniſh him?

And is this true to call him home againe?

Such reaſons make white blacke, and darke night day.

Mort.in. My Lord of *Lancaſter*, marke the reſpect,

Lan. In no reſpect can contraries be true.

Qu. Yet Good my lord, heare what he an alledge.

War. All that he ſpeakes is nothing, we are reſolu'd.

Mor.in. Do you not wiſh that *Ganeſton* were dead?

Pen. I would he were.

Mor.in. Why then my Lord giue me but leaue to ſpeak.

Mor.ſe. But nephew, do not play the ſophiſter.

Mor.in. This which I vrge is of a burning zeale,
To mend the king, and do our country good:

Know you not *Ganeſton* hath ſtore of golde,

The Tragedie

Which may in Ireland purchase him such friends,
As he will front the mightiest of vs all,
And whereas he shall liue and be belou'de,
Tis hard for vs to worke his ouerthrow.

War. Marke you but that my Lord of Lancaster.

Mor. in. But were he here, detested as he is,
How easily might some base slaue be suborn'd,
To greeete his lordship with a poniard,
And none so much as blame the murtherer,
But rather praise him for that braue attempt,
And in the Chronicle, enrowle his name,
For purging of the realme of such a plague.

Penb. He saith true.

Lanc. I, but how chance this was not done before?

Mor. in. Because my lords, it was not thought vpon:
Nay more, when he shall know it lies in vs,
To banish him, and then to call him home,
Twill make him vaile the topflag of his pride,
And feare to offend the meanest noble man.

Mor. se. But how if he do not Nephew?

Mor. in. Then may we with some colour rise in armes,
For howsoeuer we haue borne it out,
Tis treason to be vp against the King,
So shall we haue the people of our side,
Which for his fathers sake leane to the King,
But cannot brooke a night growne musthrump,
Such a one as my Lord of Cornewall is,
Should beare vs downe of the nobilitie,
And when the commons and the nobles ioyne,
Tis not the King can buckler *Gaueston*.

Weele pull him from the strongest hold he hath,
My lords, if to performe this I be slacke,

Thinke me as base a groome as *Gaueston*.

Lanc. On that condition *Lancaster* will grant.

Warw. And so will *Penbrooke* and I.

Mor. se. And I.

Mor. in. In this I count me highly gratified,
And *Mortimer*, will rest at your commaund,

Qu. And when this fauour *Isabell* forgets,

Then

Then let her liue abandond and forlorne,
But see in happie time, my lord the king,
Hauing brought the Earle of Cornewall on his way,
Is new returnd, this newes will glad him much,
Yet not so much as me, I loue him more
Then he can *Gaueston*, would he lou'd me
But halfe so much, then were I treble blest.

Enter king Edward mooring.

Edw. Hees gone, and for his absence thus I moorne,
Did neuer sorrow go so neere my heart,
As doth the want of my sweete *Gaueston*,
And could my crownes reuenew bring him back,
I would freelic giue it to his enemies,
And thinke I gaind, hauing bought so deare a friend.

Qu. Harke how he harps vpon his minion.

Edw. My heart is as an anvil vnto sorrow,
Which beats vpon it like the Cyclops hammers,
And with the noise turnes vp my giddie braine,
And makes me franticke for my *Gaueston*:
Ah had some bloudlesse furie rose from hell,
And with my kingly scepter stroke me dead,
When I was forst to leaue my *Gaueston*.

Law. Diabolo, what passions call you these.

Qu. My gracious lord, I come to bring you newes.

Edw. That you haue parled with your *Mortimer*.

Qu. That *Gaueston* my lord shalbe repeald.

Edw. Repeald, the newes is too sweete to be true.

Qu. But will you loue me, if you finde it so?

Edw. If it be so, what will not *Edward* do?

Qu. For *Gaueston*, but not for *Isabell*.

Edw. For thee faire Queene, if thou louest *Gaueston*,
Ile hang a golden tongue about thy neck,
Seeing thou hast pleaded with so good successe.

Qu. No other iewels hang about my necke
Then these my lord, nor let me haue more wealth,
Then I may fetch from this rich treasure:
O how a kisse reuiues poore *Isabell*.

Edw. Once more receiue my hand, and let this be,

The Tragedie

A second marriage twixt thy selfe and me,

Qu. And may it proue more happie then the first,
My gentle lord, bespeake these nobles faire,
That waite attendance for a gracious looke,
And on their knees salute your maiesty.

Edw. Cauragious Lancaster, imbrase thy King,
And as grosse vapours perish by the sonne,
Euen so let hatred with thy soueraigne smile,
Liue thou with me as my companion.

Lan. This salutation ouerioyes my heart,

Edw. Warwicke, shalbe my chiefeft counseller:
These siluer haire will more adorne my court,
Then gaudie filkes, or rich imbrotherie,
Chide me sweete Warwicke, if I goe astray.

War. Slay me my lord, when I offend your grace.

Edw. In sollemne triumphes, and in publicke shoues,
Pembrooke shall beare the sword before the King.

Pen. And with this sword, *Pembrooke* will fight for you.

Edw. But wherefore walkes young *Mortimer* asided?
Be thou commaunder of our royall fleet,
Or if that losie office like thee not,
I make thee heere Lord Marshall of the realme.

Mor.in. My Lord, ile marshall so your enemies,
As England shall be quiet, and you safe.

Edw. And as for you, Lord *Mortimer* of *Gloucester*,
Whose great atchieuements in our forraigne wars,
Deserues no common place, nor meane reward:
Be you the generall of the leuied troopes,
That now are readie to assaile the Scots.

Mor.se. In this your grace hath highly honoured me
For with my nature warre doth best agree.

Qu. Now is the King of England rich and strong
Hauing the loue of his renowned peeres,

Edw. *Isabell*, nere was my heart so light,
Clarke of the crowne, direct our warrant forth,
For *Gaueston* to Ireland: *Beaumont* flye,
As fast as *Iris*, or *Ioues* *Mercurie*.

Beam. It shalbe done my gracious Lord.

Edw. Lord *Mortimer* we leaue you to your charge:

Now

of Edward the second,

Now let vs in, and feast it royallie,
Against our friend the earle of Cornewall comes,
Weele haue a generall tilt and tournament,
And then his mariage shalbe solemnized,
For wote you not that I haue made him sure,
Vnto our cosin, the earle of Glosters heire,

Lan. Such newes we heare my Lord.

Edw. That day, if not for him, yet for my sake,
Who in the triumph will be challenger,
Spare for no cost, we will requite your loue,

War. In this, or ought, your highnes shall comānd vs.

Edw. Thanks gentle Warwick, come lets in and reuell,

Manent Mortimers. Exeunt.

Mor. se. Nephue, I must to Scotland, thou staieft here,
Leaue now to oppose thy selfe against the king,
Thou seest by nature he is milde and calme,
And seeing his minde so dotes on *Gaueston*,
Let him without controlement haue his will,
The mightiest kings haue had their minions,
Great *Alexander* loude *Ephesion*,
The conquering *Hector*, for *Hilas* wept,
And for *Patroclus* sterne *Achillis* droopt:
And not kings onely, but the wisest men,
The Romane *Tullie* loued *Octauis*,
Graue *Socrates*, wilde *Alcibiades*:
Then let his grace, whose youth is flexible,
And promiseth as much as we can wish,
Freely enioy that vaine light-headed earle,
For riper yeares will weane him from such toys.

Mor. in. Vncle, his wanton humor grieues not me,
But this I scorne, that one so basely borne,
Should by his foueraignes fauour grow so pert,
And riote it with the treasure of the realme,
While souldiers mutinie for want of paie,
He weares a Lordes reuenewe on his backe,
And *Midas* like he iets it in the court,
With base outlandish cullions at his heeles,
Whose proud fantasticke lueries make such showe,
As if that *Proteus* god of shapen appeare.

The Tragedie

I haue not seene a dapper iacke so briske,
He weares a short Italian hooded cloake,
Larded with pearle, and in his tuscan cap
A iewell of more value, then the crowne,
Whiles other walke below, the King and he
From out a window, laugh at such as we,
And floute our traine, and iest at our attire:
Vncle, tis this that makes me impatient.

Mor. se. But nephew, now you see the King is changd.

Mor. in. Then so am I, and liue to doe him seruice,
But whiles I haue a sword, a hand a heart,
I will not yeeld to any such vpstart.
You know my minde, come vncle lets away.

Exeunt.

Enter Spencer and Balduke. (dead)

Bald. *Spencer*, seeing that our Lord th' earle of Glosters
Which of the nobles doest thou meane to serue?

Spen. Not *Mortimer*, nor any of his side,
Because the King and he are enemies,
Balduke: learne this of me, a factions Lord

Shall hardly do him selfe good, much lesse vs,
But he that hath the fauour of a King,
May with one word, aduance vs while we liue:
The liberall earle of Cornwall is the man
On whose good fortune *Spencer* hope depends.

Bald. What, meane you then to be his follower?

Spen. No, his companion, for he loues me well,
And would haue once preferd me to the King.

Bald. But he is banisht, theres small hope of him.

Spen. I for a while, but *Balduke* marke the end,
A friend of mine told me in secrecie,
That hee repeald, and sent for backe againe,
And euen now, a poast came from the court,
With lettersto our Ladie from the King,
And as she red, she smilde, which makes me thinke,
It is about her louer *Gaweston*.

Bald. Tis like enough, for since he was exile,
She neither walkes abroad, nor comes in sight,
But I had thought the match had bene broke off,

And

And that his banishment had changed her minde.

Spem. Our Ladies first loue is not wauering,
My life for thine she will haue *Gaueston*.

Bald. Then hope I by her meanes to be pre ferd,
Hauing read vnto her since she was a childe.

Spem. Then *Balducke*, you must cast the scholler off,
And learne to court it like a Gentleman,
Tis not a blacke coate and a little band,
A Veluet cap'd cloake, fac't before with Serge,
And smelling to a Nosegay all the day,
Or holding of a napkin in your hand,
Or saying a long grace at a tables end,
Or making lowe legs to a noble man,
Or looking downeward, with your eye lids close,
And saying, truly ant may please your honour,
Can get you any fauour with great men,
You must be proud, bolde, pleasant, resolute,
And now and then, stab as occasion serues.

Bald. *Spencer* thou knowest I hate such formall toyes,
And vse them but of meere hypocrisie.
Mine olde Lord whiles he liude, was so precise,
That he would take exceptions at my buttons,
And being like pins heads, blame me for the bignesse,
Which made me curate-like in mine attire,
Though inwardly licentious enough,
And apt for any kinde of villanie.
I am none of these common pedants I,
That cannot speake without *propterea quod*.

Spem. But one of those that saith *quandoquidem*,
And hath a speciall gift to forme a verbe.

Bald. Leau of this iesting, here my Ladie comes.

Enter the Ladie.

Ladie. The greefe for his exile was not so much,
As is the ioy of his returning home,
This letter came from my sweete *Gaueston*,
What needst thou loue, thus to excuse thy selfe?
I know thou couldst not come and visit me,
I will not long be from thee though I die
This argues the entire loue of my Lord,

When I forsake thee, death seaze on my heart,
Butt heere where *Gaueston* shall sleepe.
Now to the letter of my Lord the king,
He wils me to repaire vnto the court,
And meete my *Gaueston*: why doe I stay,
Seeing that he talkes thus of my mariage day?
Whose there, *Baldicke*?

So that my coach be readie, I must hence.

Bald. It shall be done madam.

Exit.

Lad. And meete me at the parke pale presentlie:
Spencer, stay you and beare me companie,
For I haue ioyfull newes to tell thee of,
My Lord of *Cornewallis* a comming ouer,
And will be at the court as soone as we.

Spen. I knew the King would haue him home againe.

Lad. If all things sort out, as I hope they will,
Thy seruice *Spencer* shalbe thought vpon.

Spen. I humbly thanke your Ladieship.

Lad. Come leade the way, I long till I am there.

*Enter Edward, the Queene, Lancaster, Mortimer,
Warwicke, Penbrooke, Kent, attendantes.*

Edw. The winde is good, I wonder why he stayes,
I feare me he is wrackt vpon the sea.

Que. Looke *Lancaster* how passionate he is,
And still his minde runs on his minion.

Lan. My Lord.

Edw. How now, what newes, is *Gaueston* arriued?

Mor.in. Nothing but *Gaueston*, what means your grace?
You haue matters of more waight to thinke vpon,
The King of France sets foote in Normandie.

Edw. A trifle, weele expell him when we please,
But tell me *Mortimer*, whats thy deuise,
Against the stately triumph we decreed?

Mor. A homely one my Lord, not worth the telling!

Edw. Prey thee let me know it.

Mor.in. But seeing you are so desirous, thus it is:
A loftie Cedar tree faire flourishing,
On whose top-branches kingly Eagles pearch,
And by the barke a knacker creepes me vp,

And

And gets vnto the highest bough of all,
The motto: *Aequi tandem.*

Edw. And what is yours my Lord of Lancaster?

Lan. My Lord, mines more obscure then *Mortimers*,
Plinie reportes, there is flying Fish,
Which all the other fishes deadly hate,
And therefore being pursued, it takes the ayre:
No sooner is it vp, but thers a fowle,
That seafeth it: this fish my Lord I beare,
The motto this: *Vndique mors est.*

Edw. Proud *Mortimer*, yngentle *Lancaster*,
Is this the loue y ou beare your feueraigne?
Is this the fruite your reconcilment beares?
Can you in wordes make shoue of amitie,
And in your shields display your rancorous mindes?
What call you this but priuate libelling,
Against the Earle of Cornewall and my brother?

Que. Sweete husband be content, they all loue you.

Edw. They loue me not that hate my *Gaueston*,
I am that Cedar, shake me not to much,
And you the Eagles, fore ye nere so high,
I haue the gressles that will pull you downe,
And *Aequi tandem* shall that canker crie,
Vnto the proudest peere of Britanie:
Though thou compar'st him to a flying Ffsh,
And threatnest death whether he rise or fall,
Tis not the hugest monster of the sea,
Nor fowlest Harpie that shall swallow him.

Mor. in. If in his absence thus he fauours him,
What will he doe when as he shall be present?

Lan. That shall wee see, looke where his Lordship comes.

Enter Gaueston. (thy friend,

Edw. My *Gaueston*, welcome to *Tinmouth*, welcome to
Thy absence made me droope, and pine away,
For as the louers of faire *Danne*,
When she was lockt vp in a brazen tower,
Desirde her more, and waxt outrageous,
So did it sure with me: and now thy sight
Is sweeter farre, then was thy parting hence

The Tragedie

Bitter and irkesome to my sobbing heart.
Gau. Sweet Lord and King, your speech preuenteth mine
 Yet haue I wordes left to expresse my ioy:
 The shepheard nipt with biting winters rage,
 Frolicks not more to see the painted spring,
 Then I doe to behold your Maestie.

Edw. Will none of you salute my *Gaueston*?

Lan. Salute him? yes welcome Lord Chamberlaine.

Mor.in. Welcome is the good Earle of Cornwall.

War. Welcome Lord gouernour of the Ile of man.

Pen. Welcome maiste secretarie.

Edm. Brother doe you heare them?

Edw. Still will these Earles and Barrons vse me thus?

Gau. My Lord I cannot brooke these iniuries.

Que. Aye me poore loule when these begin to iarre.

Edw. Returne it to their throates, ile be thy warrant.

Gau. Base leaden Earles that glory in your birth,

Goe sit at home and eate your tenants beefe:

And come not here to scoffe at *Gaueston*,

Whose mounting thoughts did neuer creepe so low,

As to bestow a looke on such as you.

Lan. Yet I disdaine not to doe this for you.

Edw. Treason, treason: whe is the traitor? (der him.)

Pen. Here here King: conuey hence *Gaueston* thail mur.

Gau. The life of these shall salue this foule disgrace.

Mor.in. Villaine thy life, vlesse I misse mine aime.

Que. Ah furious *Mortimer* what hast thou done?

Mor. No more then I would answere were he flaine.

Edw. Yes more then thou canst answer though he liue,

Deare shall you both abide this riotous deede:

Out of my presence, come not neere the court.

Mor.in. Ile not be barde the court for *Gaueston*.

Lan. Weele haile him by the eares vnto the blocke.

Edw. Looke to your owne heads, his is sure enough.

War. Looke to you own crowne, if you back him thus.

Edm. *Warwicke*, these words do ill besee me thy years.

Edw. Nay all of them conspire to crosse me thus,

But if I liue, ile tread vpon their heads,

That thinke with high lookes thus to tread me downe,

Come

Come *Edmond* lets away, and leue men,
Tis warre that must abate these *Barrons* pride.

Exit the King.

War. Lets to our castles, for the King is moou'de.

Mor.in. Moou'de may he be, and perish in his wrath,

Lan. Cofin it is no dealing with him now,
He meanes to make vs stoope by force of armes,
And therefore let vs ioyntly heere protest,
To prosecute that *Ganeston* to the death.

Mor.in. By heauen the abiect villaine shall not liue.

War. Ile haue his blood, or die in seeking it,

Pen. The like oath *Penbrooke* takes.

Lan. And so doth *Lawcaster*:

Now send our Heralds to defie the King,
And make the people sweare to put him downe.

Enter a Post.

Mor.in. Letters from whence?

Messen. From Scotland my Lord.

Lan. Why how now cofin, how fares all our friendes?

Mor.in. My vnckles taken prisoner by the Scots.

Lan. Weele haue him ransomed man, be of good cheere

Mor. They rate his ransome at fife thousand pound,
Who should defray the money but the King,
Seeing he is taken prisoner in his warres?
Ile to the King.

Lan. Doe cofin, and ile beare thee companie.

War. Meane time my Lord of *Penbrauke* and my selfe,
Will to Newcastle heere, and gather head.

Mor.in. About it then, and we will follow you.

Lan. Be resolute and full of secrecy.

War. I warrant you.

Mor.in. Cofin, and if he will not ransome him,
Ile thunder such a peale into his eares,
As neuer subiect did vnto his King.

Lan. Content, ile beare my part, holla whose there?

Mor.in. I marrie, such a garde as this doth well.

Lan. Lead on the way,

Guard. Whither will your Lordships?

Mor.in. Whither else but to the King.

The Tragedie

Guar. His hignes is disposed to be alone.

Lan. Why, so he may, but we will speake to him.

Guard. You may not in, my Lord.

Mor.in. May we not.

Edw. How now, what noise is this?

Who haue we there, ist you?

Mor. Nay, stay my Lord, I come to bring you newes,
Mine vnckles taken prisoner by the Scots.

Edw. Then ransom him.

Lan. Twas in your wars, you should ransom him.

Mor.in. And you shall ransom him, or else?

Edm. What *Mortimer*, you will not threaten him?

Edw. Quiet your selfe, you shall haue the broad scale,
To gather for him throughout the realme.

Lan. Your minion *Gaueston* hath taught you this.

Mor.in. My Lord, the familie of the *Mortimers*
Are not so poore, but would they sell their land,
Would leuie men enough to auer you,
We neuer beg, but vse such prayers as these.

Edw. Shall I still be haunted thus?

Mor.i. Nay, now you are heere alone, ile speak my mind.

Lan. And so will I, and then my Lord farewell.

Mor. The idle triumphes, maskes, lasciuious shewes
And prodigall giftes bestowed on *Gaueston*,
Haue drawne thy treasure drie, and made the weakes,
The murmuring commons ouerstretched hath.

Lan. Looke for rebellion, looke to be deposde,
Thy garrisons are beaten out of France,
And lame and poore, lie groning at the gates,
The wilde *Oneyls*, with swarmes of Irish Kernes,
Liues yncontroulde within the English pale,
Vnto the walles of Yorke the Scots made rode,
And vnresisted, draue away rich spoiles.

Mor.in. The haucie *Dane* commaunds the narrow seas,
While in the harbor ride thy ships vnrigd.

Lan. What foraine prince sends thee embassadors.

Mor. Who loues thee? but a sort of flatterers.

Lan. Thy gentle Queene, sole sister to *Valois*,
Complains, that thou hast left her all forlone.

Mor.

of Edward the second.

Mor. Thy court is naked, being bereft of those,
That makes a king seeme glorious to the world,
I meane the peeres, whom thou shouldst dearly loue:
Libels are cast againe thee in the streetes,
Ballads and rimes, made of thy ouerthrow.

Lanc. The northern borderers seeing their houses burnt
Their wiues and children slaine, run vp and downe,
Cursing the name of thee and *Gaueston*.

Mor. When wert thou in the field with banner spread?
But once, and then thy souldiers marche like players,
With garish robes, not armor, and thy selfe
Bedaubd with golde, rode laughing at the rest,
Nodding and shaking of thy spangled crest.

Where womens fauors hung like labels downe.

Lanc. And thereof came it, that the fleeing Scots,
To Englands high disgrace, haue made this lig,
Maids of England, fore may you moorne,
For your lemmons you haue lost, at Bannoeks borne,
With a heaue and a ho,
What weeneth the king of England,
So soone to haue wooen Scotland,
With a rom below.

Mor. *Wigmore* shall flie, to set my vnckle free.

Lanc. And when tis gone, our swords shal purchase more,
If ye be mood'd reuenge it as you can,
Looke next to see vs with our ensignes spred. *Exeunt nobiles.*

Edw. My swelling hart for very anger breakes,
How oft haue I beene baited by these peeres?
And dare not be reuengde, for their power is great:
Yet, shall the crowing of these cockerels,
Affright a Lion? *Edward*, vnfolde thy pawes,
And let their liues bloud slake thy furies hunger:
If I be cruell and growe tyrannous,
Now let them thanke themselves, and rue too late.

Kent: My lord, I see your loue to *Gaueston*,
Will be the ruine of the realme and you,
for now the wrathfull nobles threaten warres,
And therefore brother banish him for euer.

Edw. Art thou an enemy to my *Gaueston*?

The Tragedie

Kent. I, and it grieues me that I fauoured him.

Edw. Traitor be gone, whine thou with *Mortimer*.

Kent. So will I, rather then with *Gauceston*.

Edw. Out of my sight, and trouble me no more.

Kent. No maruell though thou scornesthy noble peers.

When I thy brother am reiected thus. *Exit.*

Edw. Away poore *Gauceston*, that hast no friend but me,

Do what they can, wee le liue in *Tinmorb* here,

And so I walke with him about the walles,

What care I though the Earles begirt vs round,

Heere comes she thats cause of all these iarres.

Enter the Queene, Ladies 3, Baldock,

and Spencer.

Qu. My Lord, tis thought, the Earles are vp in armes.

Edw. I, and tis likewise thought, you fauor him.

Qu. Thus do you still suspect me without cause.

La. Sweete vncle speake more kindly to the queene.

Gau. My lord, dissemble with her, speake her faire.

Edw. Pardon me sweete, I forgot my selfe.

Qu. Your pardon is quickly got of *Isabell*.

Edw. The yonger *Mortimer* is growne so braue,

That to my face he threatens ciuill warres.

Gau. Why do you not commit him to the tower?

Edw. I dare not, for the people loue him well.

Gau. Why then wee le haue him priuily made away.

Edw. Would *Lancaster* and he had both carroust,

A bowle of poyson to each others health:

But let them go, and tell me what are these.

Lad. Two of my fathers seruants whilst he liu'de,

Ma't please your grace to entertaine them now.

Edw. Tell me, where wast thou borne?

What is thine armes?

Bald. My name is *Baldock* and my gentry

I fetch from Oxford, not from *Hearaldry*.

Edw. The fitter art thou *Baldok* for my turne,

Waite on me, and ill see thou shalt not want.

Bald. I humbly thanke your maiestie.

Edw. Knowest thou him *Gauceston*?

Gaucest. I my lord, his name is *Spenser*, he is well alied,

For

For my sake let him waite vpon your grace,
Scarce shall you finde a man of more delect;

Edw. Then *Spenser* waite vpon me, for his sake
He grace the with a higher title ere long.

Spen. No greater titles happen vnto me,
Then to be fauoured of your maiestie.

Edw. Cousin, this day shall be your marriage feast,
And *Gaueston*, thinke that I loue thee well,
To wed thee to our neece, the only heire
Vnto the Earle of Gloster late deceased.

Gau. I know my lord, many will stomake me,
But I respect neither their loue nor hate.

Edw. The head-strong Barons shall not limit me,
He that I list to fauour shall be great.
Come lets away, and when the marriage ends,
Haue at the rebels, and their complices.

Exeunt omnes.

*Enter Lancaster, Mortimer, Warwick,
Penbrooke, Kent.*

Kent. My lords, of loue to this our native land,
I come to ioyne with you and leaue the king,
And in your quarrell and the realmes behoofe,
Will be the first that shall aduensure life.

Lan. I feare me you are sent of pollicie,
To vndermine vs with a shewe of loue.

Warw. He is your brother, therefore haue we cause
To call the worst, and doubt of your reuolt.

Edm. Mine honour shall be hostage of my truth.
If that will not suffice, farewell my lords.

Mor. iij. Stay *Edmond*, neuer was Plantagenet
False of his word, and therefore trust we thee.

Pen. But whats the reason you should leaue him now?

Kent. I haue enformed the Earle of Lancaster.

Lan. And it sufficeth: now my lords know this,
That *Gaueston* is secretly arriu'de,
And here in *Tinmouth* frolickes with the king,
Let vs with these our followers scale the walles,
And sodainly surprize them vnawares.

Mor. in. Ile giue the onfet.

War. And ile follow thee.

Mor. in. This tottered ensigne of my auncesters,
which swept the desart shore of that dead sea,

Whereof we got the name of *Mortimer*,

Will I aduance vpon this castle walles,

Drums strike alarum, raise them from their sport,

And ring aloude the knell of *Gaueston*.

Lan. None be so hardie as touche the King,

But neither spare you *Gaueston*, nor his friends.

Exeunt.

Enter the king and Spencer, to them

Gaueston, &c.

Edw. O tell me *Spencer* where is *Gaueston*?

Spen. I feare me he is slaine my gracious Lord.

Edw. No, here he comes, now let them spoile and kill:

Flie flie my Lords, the earles haue got the holde,

Take shipping and away to Scarborough,

Spencer and I will post away by land.

Gaue. O stay my lord, they will not iniure you,

Edw. I will not trust them, *Gaueston* away.

Gaue. Farewell my Lord,

Edw. Ladic, farewell,

Lad. Farewell sweete vncle till we meete againe.

Edw. Farewell sweete *Gaueston* and farewell Neece.

Qu. No farewell to poore *Isabell*, thy Queene?

Edw. Yes, yes, for *Mortimer* your louers sake.

Exeunt omnes, manet Isabella.

Qu. Heauen can witnesse, I loue none but you,

From my imbracements thus he breakes away,

O that mine armes could close this Ile about,

That I might pull him to me where I would,

Or that these teares that driffell from mine eyes,

Had power to mollifie his stonie hart,

That when I had him we might neuer part.

Enter the Barrons alarums.

Lan. I wonder how he scapt.

Mor. in. Whose this, the Queene?

Qu. I *Mortimer*, the miserable Queene,

Whose

of Edward the second.

Whose pining heart her inward sighes haue blasted,
And body with continuall moorning wasted:
These hands are tir'd, with haling of my lord
From *Gaueston*, from wicked *Gaueston*,

And all in vaine, for when I speake him faire,
He turnes away, and smiles vpon his minion.

Mor.in. Cease to lament, and tell vs wheres the King?

Qu. What would you with the King, ift him you seeke?

Lan. No madam, but that cursed *Gaueston*,
Farre be it from the thought of *Lancaster*,
To offer violence to his soueraigne,
We would but rid the realme of *Gaueston*,
Tell vs where he remaines, and he shall die.

Qu. Hees gone by water vnto Scarborough,
Pursue him quickly, and he cannot scape,
The King hath left him, and his traine is small.

Warw. Forslowe no time, sweete *Lancaster* lets march,

Mor. How coms it, that the King and he is parted?

Qu. That this your armie going seuerall waies,
Might be of lesser force, and with the power
That he intendeth presently to raise,
Be easily suppressed: and therefore be gone.

Mor. Here in the riuer rides a Flemish hoie.
Lets all aboard, and follow him amaine.

Lan. The wind that bears him hence, will fill our sails,
Come, come aboard, tis but an houres sailing.

Mor. Madam stay you within this castell here.

Qu. No *Mortimer*, ile to my lord the King.

Mor. Nay, rather saile with vs to Scarborough.

Qu. You know the King is so suspicious,
As if he heare I haue but talkt with you,
Mine honour will be cald in question,
And therefore gentle *Mortimer* be gone.

Mor. Madam, I cannot stay to answere you,
But thinke of *Mortimer* as he deserves.

Qu. So well hast thou deseru'd sweete *Mortimer*,
As *Isabell* could liue with the for euer,
In vaine I looke for loue at *Edwards* hand,
Whose eyes are fixt on none but *Gaueston*:

The Tragedie

Yet once more Ile importune him with prayer,
If he be strange and not regard my wordes,
My sonne and I will ouer into France,
And to the King my brother there complaine,
How *Gaueston* hath rob'd me of his loue:
But yet I hope my sorrowes will haue end,
And *Gaueston* this blessed day be slaine.

Exeunt

Enter Gaueston, pursued.

Gaue. Yet lustie lords I haue escapt your hands,
Your threats, your larams, and your hote pursutes,
And though deuor'd from King *Edwards* eyes,
Yet liueth *Pierce* of *Gaueston* vn-surpriz'd,
Breathing, in hope (*malgrado* all you beards,
That muster rebels thus against your king)
To these his royall soueraigne once againe.

Enter the Nobles.

War. Vpon him souldiers, take away his weapons.

Mor. in. Thou proud disturber of thy cuntryes peace,
Corrupter of thy king, cause of these broiles,
Base flatterer, yeeld, and were it not for shame,
Shame and dishonour to a souldiers name,
Vpon my weapons point here shouldst thou fall,
And welter in thy goare.

Lan. Monster of men, that like the Greekish *Strumpet*
Train'd to armes and blodie warres,
So many valiant knights,
Looke for no other fortune wretch then death,
King *Edward* is not heere to buckler thee.

War. Lancaster, why talkst thou to the slaue?
Go souldiers take him hence,
For by my sword, his head shall off:

Gaueston. short warning shall serue thy turne:
It is our contries cause,

That here seuerely we will execute,
Vpon thy person: hang him at a bough:

Gaue. My Lord.

War. Souldiers haue him away:
But for thou wert the fauorite of a King,
Thou shalt haue so much honour at our hands,

Gaue.

Gau. I thanke you all my lords, then I perceiue,
That heading is one, and hanging is the other,
And death is all.

Enter Earle of Arundell.

Lanc. How now my Lord of Arundell?

Arun. My lords, King Edward greetes you all by me.

War. Arundell, say your message.

Arun. His maiestie, hearing that you had taken *Gaueston*,
Intreateth you by me, yet but he may
See him before he dies, for why he sayes,
And sendes you word, he knowes that die he shall,
And if you gratifie his grace so farre,
He will be mindfull of the curtesie.

Warw. How now?

Gau. Renowned Edward, how thy name
Reuiues poore *Gaueston*.

Warw. No it needeth not,

Arundell, we will gratifie the king
In other matters, he must pardon vs in this,
Souldiers away with him.

Gauest. Why my Lord of *Warwicke*,
will not these delaies beget my hopes?
I know it lords, it is this life you aime at,
Yet graunt King Edward this.

Mor. Shalt thou appoint what we shall grant?
Souldiers away with him:
Thus weele gratifie the King,
Weele sende his head by thee, let him bestow
His teares on that, for that is all he gets
Of *Gaueston*, or else his sencelesse truncke.

Lan. Not so my Lord, least he bestow more cost,
In burying him, then he hath euer earned.

Arun. My lords, it is his maiesties request.
And in the honor of a King he sweares,
He will but talke with him and send him backe.

Warw. When can you tell? *Arundell* no, we wot,
He that the care of realme remits,
And drives his nobles to these exigents
For *Gaueston*, will if he seaze him once,

Violate any promise to possesse him.

Arund. Then if you will not trust his grace in keepe,
My lords, I will be pledge for his returne.

Nor. in. It is honorable in thee to offer this,
But for we know thou art a noble gentleman,
We will not wrong thee so,
To make away a true man for a theefe.

Gaucest. How meanst thou *Mortimer*? that is ouer base.

Mor. A way base groome, robber of Kings renowne,
Question with thy companions and mates.

Pen. My lord *Mortimer* and you my lords each one,
To gratifie the Kings request therein,
Touching the sending of this *Gauceston*,
Because his maiestie so earnestlie
Desires to see the man before his death,
I will vpon mine honour vndertake
To carrie him, and bring him back againe,
Prouided this, that you my lord of *Arundell*
Will ioyne with me.

War. Penbrooke, what wilt thou do?
Cause yet more bloudshed: is it not enough
That we haue taken him, but must we now
Leaue him on had-I wist, and let him go?

Pen. My lords, I will not ouer wooc your honors,
But if you dare trust *Penbrooke* with the prisoner,
Vpon mine oath I will returne him backe,

Arund. My Lord of Lancaster, what say you in this?

Lan. Why I say, let him go on *Penbrookes* word,

Pen. And you lord *Mortimer*.

Mor. in. How say you my lord of *Warwicke*.

War. Nay, do your pleasures,
I know how t'will prooue.

Pen. Then giue him me.

Gaucest. Sweete soueraigne, yet I come
To see the ere I die.

War. Yet not perhaps,
If *Warwicks* wit and policie preuaile.

Mor. in. My lord of *Penbrooke*, we deliuer him you.
Returne him on your honor, sound away.

Exeunt.

Manect.

Manent Penbrooke, Mat. Gaueft. & Penbrookes men, foure fouldiers.

Pen. My Lord, you fhall goe with me,
My houle is not farre hence out of the way,
A little, but our men fhall goe along,
We that haue prettie wenches to our wiues,
Sir, muft not come fo neere to balke their lips.

Mat. Tis very kindly spoke my Lord of *Penbrooke*,
Your honour hath an adamant of power,
To drawe a prince.

Pen. So my Lord, come hether *James*,
I do commit this *Gauefton* to thee,
Be thou this night his keeper, in the morning
We will difcharge the of thy charge, be gon.

Gau. Vnhappie *Gauefton*, whether goeft thou now.

Exit cum feruis. Pen.

Horse boy. My Lord, wee le quickly be at *Cobham*.

Exeunt ambo.

*Enter Gauefton moorning, and the earle of
Penbrookes men.*

Gau. O trecherous *Warwick* thus to wrong thy friend

James. I fee it is your life thefe armes purfue.

Gau. Weaponles muft I fall and die in bandes,
O muft this day be period of my life!
Center of all my bliffe, and yee be men,
Speede to the King.

Enter Warwick and his companie.

War. My Lord of *Penbrookes* men,
Striue you no longer, I will haue that *Gauefton*.

Jam. Your Lordship doth difhonour to your felfe,
And wrong our Lord, your honourable friend.

War. No *James*, it is my countries caufe I follow,
Goe, take the villaine, fouldiers come away,
Weele make quicke worke comend me to your mafter
My friend, and tell him that I watcht it well,

Come, let thy shadow parley with King *Edward*,

Gau. Trecherous earle, fhall not I fee the King?

War. The King of heauen perhaps, no other King,
Away.

Exeunt Warwicke and his men, with Gaueft:

Manent Iamascum cateris.

Come fellowes, it booteth not for vs to striue,
We will in hast go certifie our Lo

*Enter King Edward and Spencer, with
Drummes and Fifes.*

Edw. I long to heare an answer from the Barons,
Touching my friend, my deereft *Gauefton*,
Ah *Spencer*, not the riches of my realme
Can ransome him, ah he is markt to die,
I knowe the malice of the yonger *Martimer*,
Warwicke I knowe is rough, and *Lancaster*
Inexorable, and I shall neuer see
My louely *Pierce* of *Gauefton* againe,
The Barons ouerbeare me with their pride.

Spencer. Were I King *Edward* Englands soueraigne,
Sonne to the louely *Ellenor* of Spaine,
Great *Edward*s *Longshankes* issue: would I beare
These braues, this rage, and and suffer vncontrolde
These Barons thus to beard me in my land,
In mine owne realme? my Lord pardon my speech,
Did you retaine your fathers magnanimitie?
Did you regard the honour of your name?
You would not suffer thus your maiestie
Be counterbust of your nobilitie,
Strike off their heads, and let them preach on poles,
No doubt, such lessons they will teach the rest,
As by their preachments they will profit much,
And learne obedience to their lawfull King.

Edw. Yea gentle *Spencer*, we haue beene too milde
Too kinde to them, but now haue drawne our sword,
And if they send me not my *Gauefton*,
Weele steele it on their crest, and powle their tops.

Bald. This haught resolute becomes your maiestie,
Not to be tied to their affection,
As though your highnes were a schoole-boy still,
And must be awde and gouern'd like a child.

*Enter Hugh Spencer an old man, father to the young
Spencer, with his truncheon and soldiers.*

Spenc. pa.

of Edward the second.

Spen.pa. Long liue my soueraigne the noble *Edward*;
In peace triumphant, fortunate in warres.

Edvv. Welcom old man, com'st thou in *Edwards* aid?
Then tell the prince, of whence, and what thou art.

Spen.pa. Lo, with a band of bowmen and of pikes,
Browne bills, and targetiers, 400 strong,
Sworne to defend King *Edwards* royall right,
I come in person to your maiestie,

Spencer, the father of *Hugh Spencer* there
Bound to your highnes euerlasting lie,
For fauour done in him, vnto vs all.

Edvv. Thy father *Spencer*?

Spen.filius. True, and it like your grace,
That powres in lieu of all your goodnes showne,
His life my Lord, before your princely seete.

Edvv. Welcome ten thousand times, old man againe,
Spencer, this loue, this kindnes to thy King,
Argues thy noble minde and disposition:
Spencer, I heere create thee earle of Wilshire,
And daily will enrich thee with our fauour,
That as the sun-shine shall reflect ore thee:
Beside the more to manifest our loue,
Because we heare Lord *Bruse* doth sell his land,
And that the *Mortimers* are in hand withall,
Thou shalt haue crownes of vs, r'out bid the Barons,
And *Spencer*, spare them not, lay it on,
Soldiers a largis, and thise welcome all,

Spen. My Lord, here come the Queene.

Enter the Queene and her sonne, and

Levvne a Frenchman.

Edvv. Madam, what newes?

Que. Newes of dishonour Lord, and discontent,
Our friend *Levvne*, faithfull and full of trust,
Informeth vs, by letters and by wordes,
That Lord *Valoyes* our brother, King of France,
Because your highnesse hath beene slacke in homage,
Hath seized *Normandie* into his handes,
These be the letters, this the messenger.

Edvv. Welcome *Levvne*, tush *Sib*, if this be all,

The Trgaedie

Valoys and I will soone be friendes againe,
But to my *Gaueston* : shall I neuer see,
Neuer behold thee now ? Madam in this matter
We will employ you and your little sonne,
You shall go parley with the King of Fraunce,
Boy, see you beare you brauely to the King,
And doe your message with a maiestie.

Prin. Commit not to my youth things of more waight
Then fits a prince so young as I to beare,
And feare not Lord and father, heauens great beames
On *Atlas* shoulder, shall not lie more safe,
Then shall your charge committed to my trust.

Qu. A boy, this towardnes makes thy mother feare
Thou art not markt to manie daies on earth.

Edw. Madam, we will that you with speed be shipt,
And this our sonne, *Lewen* shall follow you,
With all the hast we can dispatch him hence,
Choose of our Lordes to beare you companie,
And goe in peace, leaue vs in warres at home.

Que. Vnnaturall wars, where subiects braue their King,
God end them once, my Lord I take my leaue,
To make my preparation for *France*.

Enter Lord Matre.

Edw. What Lord *Matre*, dost thou come alone?

Mat. Yea my good Lord, for *Gaueston* is dead.

Edw. Ah traitors, haue they put my friend to death,
Tell me *Matre*. died he ere thou cam'st,
Or did'st thou see my friend to take his death?

Matre. Neither My Lord, for as he was surprizd,
Begirt with weapons, and with enemies round,
I did your highnes message to them all,
Demanding him of them, entreating rather,
And said, vpon the honour of my name,
That I would vndertake to carrie him
Vnto your highnes, and to bring him backe.

Edw. And tell me, would the rebels denie me that ?

Spn. Proud recreants.

Edw. Yea *Spencer* traitors all.

Matre. I found them at the first inexorable

OF Edward the second,

The earle of *Warwicke* would not bide the hearing,
Mortimer hardly, *Penbrooke* and *Lancaster*
Speake least: and when they flatly had denyed,
Refusing to receiue me pledge for him,
The earle of *Penbrooke* mildly thus bespake,
My Lordes, because our soueraigne sendes for him,
And promiseth he shall be safe returnd,
I will this vndertake, to haue him hence,
And see him redeliuered to your handes,

Edm. Well, and how fortunes that he came not?

Spen. Some treason, or some villanie was cause.

Mat. The earle of *Warwicke* seazde him on his way,
For being deliuered vnto *Penbrookes* men,
Their Lord rode home, thinking his prisoner safe,
But ere he came, *Warwicke* in ambush laie,
And bare him to his death, and in a trench
Strake off his head, and marcht vnto the campe.

Spen. A bloody part, flatly against lawe of armes.

Edm. O shall I speake, or shall I sigh and die?

Spen. my Lord, referre your vengeance to the sword,
Vpon these Barons, harden vp your men,
Let them not vnrevenge'd murder your friends,
Aduance your standard *Edward* in the field,
And marche to fire them from their starting holes.

Edward kneeles, and saith.

By earth, the common mother of vs all,
By heauen, and all the moouing orbes thereof,
By this right hand, and by my fathers sword,
And all the honours longing to my crowne,
I will haue heads, and liues for him as many,
As I haue manors, castels, townes, and towers,
Treachorous *Warwicke*, traiterous *Mortimer*:
If I be Englands King, in lakes of gore
Your headles trunks, your bodies will I traile,
That you may drinke your fill, and quaffe in blood,
And slayne my royall standard with the same,
That so my bloodie colours may suggest
Remembrance of reuenge inmortallie,
On your accursed traiterous progenie:

The Tragedie

You villaines that haue staine my *Gaueston*,
And in this place of honour and of trust,
Spencer, sweete *Spencer*, I adopt thee heere,
And merely of our loue we do create thee
Earle of Gloster, and Lord Chamberlaine,
Despite of times, despite of enemies.

Spem, My Lord, heres is a messenger from the Barons,
Desires accessse vnto your maiestie.
Edvv. Admit him neere.

*Enter the Herald from the Barons, with
his coate of armes.*

Messen. Long lue king *Edward*, Englands lawful Lord.

Edw. So wish not they I wis that sent thee hither,
Thou com'st from *Mortimer* and his complices,
A ranker roote of rebels neuer was:
Well, say thy message.

Messen. The Barons vp in armes, by me salute
Your highnes, with long life and happines,
And bid me say as plainer to your grace,
That if without effusion of blood,
You will this grieve haue ease and remedie,
That from your princely person you remooue
This *Spencer*, as a putrifying branch,
That deads the royall vine whose golden leaue
Empale your princely head, your Diadem,
Whose brightnes such pernitious vpstarts d'vn,
Say they, and louingly aduise your grace,
To cherish vertue and nobilitie,
And haue olde seruitors in high esteeme,
And shake off smooth dissembling flatterers:
This granted, they, their honours, and their liues,
Are to your highnesse vowd and consecrate.

Spem. A traitors, will they still display their pride?

Edw. Away, tarric no answer but be gon,
Rebels, will they appoint their soueraigne
His sportes, his pleasures, and his companie:
Yet ere thou goe, see how I doe deuoree
Spencer from me: now get thee to thy Lords.
And tell them I will come to chastice them,

Embrace

Spencer

For

Of Edward the second.

For murdering *Ganeston*: hie thee, get thee gone,
Edward with fire and sword, followes at thy heeles,
My Lord, perceiue you how these rebels swell:
Soldiers, good hearts, defend your soueraignes right,
For now, euen now, we march to make them stoope,
Away.

Exeunt.

Alarums, excursions, a great fight, and a retreat.

*Enter the King, Spencer the father, Spencer the sonne
and the noblemen of the Kinges side.*

Edw. Why doe we sound retreat? vpon them Lordes,
This day I shall powre vengeance with my sword
On those proud rebels that are v^p in armes,
And doe confront and countermaund their king.

Spen. son. I doubt it not my Lord, right will preuaile.

Spen. fa. Tis not amisse my liege for cyther part,
To breath a while, our men with sweat and dust
All chockt well neare, begin to faint for heate,
And this retire refresheth horse and man.

Spen. son. Heere come the rebels.

*Enter the Barons, Mortimer, Lancaster, Warwick,
Penbrooke, cum ceteris.* (terers.

Mor. Look *Lancaster*, yonder is *Edward* among his flat-
Lan. And there let him bee, till he pay deerely for their
companie.

War. And shall, or *Warwick*'s sword shall smite in vaine;

Edw. What rebels, do you shrink, and sound retreat?

Mor. in. No *Edward*, no, thy flatterers faint and flie.

Lan. Th'ad best betimes forsake thee and their trains,
For theile berray thee, traitors as they are,

Spen. son. Traitor on thy face, rebellious *Lancaster*.

Pen. Away base vpstart, brau't thou nobles thus,

Spen. fa. A noble attempt, and honourable deede,
It is not trowe ye, to assemble aide,

And leaue armes against your lawfull king?

Edw. For which ere long, their heades shall satisfie:
T'appeaze the wrath of their offended king.

Mor. in. Then *Edward* thou wilt fight it to the last:
And rather bath thy sword in subiects blood

The Tragedie

Then banish that pernicious companie,

Edw. I traitours all, rather then thus be brau'de,
Make Englands ciuill townes huge heapes of stones,
And plowes to goe about our pallace gates.

War. A desperate and vnnaturall resolution,
Alarum to the fight, saint *George* for England,
And the Barons right.

Edw. S. *George* for England, and King *Edwards* right.

Enter Edward, with the Barons captiues.

Edw. Now lustie Lordes, now not by chance of warre,
But iustice of the quarrell and the cause
Vaild is your pride, me thinkes you hang the heades,
But wee lea duance them traitors, now tis time
To be aueng'd on you for all your braues,
And for the murther of my deere friend,
To whom right well you knew our soule was knit,
Good *Pierce* of *Gaueston* my sweet fauorit,
Ah rebels, recreants, you made him awaie.

Edm. Brother, in regard of thee and of thy land,
Did they remooue that flatterer from thy throne.

Edw. So sir, you haue spoke, away, auoide our presence,
Accursed wretches, wast in regard of vs,
When we had sent our messenger to request
He might be spared to come to speake with vs,
And *Penbrooke* vndertooke for his returne,
That thou proud *Warwicke* watcht the prisoner,
Poore *Pierce*, and headed him against lawe of armes,
For which thy head shall ouerlook the rest,
As much as thou in rage out went'st the rest.

War. Tyrant, I scorne thy threats and menaces,
Tis but temporall that thou canst in flict.

Lan. The worst is death, and better die to liue,
Then liue in infamie vnder such a King.

Edw. Away with them my Lord of *Winchester*,
These lustie leaders *Warwicke* and *Lancaster*,
I charge you roundly off with both their heades, awaie.

War. Faiewell vaine worlde,

Lan. Sweete *Mortimer* faiewell.

Mor. in England, vnkinde to thy nobilitie,

Grone

of Edward the second.

Gone for this griefe, behold how thou art maimed.

Edw. Go take that haucie *Mortimer* to the tower,
There see him safe bestowed, and for the rest,
Do speedie execution on them all, be gone.

Mortimer. What *Mortimer*? can ragged stonie walles
Immure thy vertue that aspires to heauen,
No *Edward*, Englands scourge, it may not be,
*Mortimer*s hope surmounts his fortune farte.

Edw. Sound drums and trumpets, marche with me my
friends,

Edward this day hath crownd him king a new *Exit.*

Manent Spencer filius, Lewne & Baldock.

Spencer. *Lewne*, the trust that we repose in thee,
Begets the quiet of King *Edwards* land,
Therefore be gone in hast, and with aduice,
Bestowe that treasure on the lords of France,
That therewith all enchaunted like the garde,
That suffered *Ioue* to passe in showers of golde,
To *Danae*, all aide may be denied
To *Isabell* the Queene, that now in France
Makes friends, to crosse the seas with her young sonne,
And step into his fathers regiment.

Lew. That's it these Barons and the subill Queene,
Long leuied at.

Bal. Yea, but *Lewne* thou seest,
These Barons lay their heads on blocks together,
What they intend, the hangman frustrates cleane.

Lewne. Haue you no doubt my lords, ile claps close,
Among the lords of France with Englands golde,
That *Isabell* shall make her plaints in vaine,
And France shall be obdurat with her teares.

Spencer. Then make for Fraunce, amaine *Lewne* away,
Proclaime King *Edwards* warres and victories.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Edmund.

Edm. Faire blowes the winde for France, blow gentle
gale,
Till *Edmund* be arriu'd for Englands good,
Nature, yeeld to my countryes caule in this.

The Tragedy

A brother, no, a butcher of thy friends,
Proud *Edward*, dost thou banish me thy presence?
But ile to France, and cheere the wronged *Queene*,
And certifie what *Edwards* loosenesse is,
Vnnaturall King, to slaughter noble men
And cherish flatterers: *Mortimer* I stay
Thy sweet escape, stand gracious gloomy night to his deuice.

Enter Mortimer disguised.

Mor.in. Holla, who wallketh there, ist you my lord?

Edm. *Mortimer* tis I, but hath thy potion wrought so
happilie?

Mor.in. It hath my Lord, the warders all a sleepe,
I thanke them, gaue me leaue to passe in peace:
But hath your grace got shipping vnto Fraunce?

Edm. Feare it not.

Exeunt.

Enter the Queene and her soonne.

Qu. A boy, our friendes do faile vs all in Fraunce,
The lords are cruell, and the king vnkinde,
What shall we doe?

Prince. Madam, returne to England,
And please my father well, and then a Fig
For all my vnckles friendship here in Fraunce,
I warrant you, ile winne his highnes quicklie,
A loues me better than a thousand *Spencers*.

Qu. A boy, thou art deceiue at least in this,
To thinke that we can yet be tun'd together,
No, no, we iarre too farre, vnkinde *Valoys*,
Vnhappie *Isabell*, when France reiects,
Whether, O whether dost thou bend thy steps.

Enter sir Iohn of Henolt.

S.Ioh. Madam, what cheere?

Qu. A good sir *Iohn of Henolt*,
Neuer so cheereles, nor so farre distressed.

S.Iohn. I heare sweate lady of the Kings vnkindnes,
But drooper not madam, noble mindes contemne
Despaire: will your grace with me to *Henolt*?
And there stay times aduantage with your sonne,
How say you my Lord, will you go with your friends,

And

And shake off all our fortunes equally.

Prin So please the Queene my mother, me it likes,
The king of England, nor the court of Fraunce,
Shall haue me from my gracious mothers side,
Till I be strong enough to breake a staffe,
And then haue at the proudest *Spencers* head.

Sir Iohn Well said my lord.

Qu. Oh my sweete hart, how do I mone thy wrongs?
Yet triumphe in the hope of thee my ioye,
Ah sweete *sir Iohn*, euen to the yrmost verge
Of *Europe*, or the shore of *Tanaise*,
Will we with thee to *Henolt*, so we will,
The Marques is a noble Gentleman,
His grace I dare presume will welcomeme,
But who are these?

Enter Edmond and Mortimer.

Edm. Madam, long may you liue,
Much happier then your friends in England do.

Qu. Lord *Edmund* and lord *Mortimer* aline,
Welcome to Fraunce: the newes was here my lord,
That you were dead, or very neare your death.

Mor in. Lady, the last was truest of the twaine,
But *Mortimer* reserude for better hap,
Hath shaken off the thraldome of the tower,
And liues, to aduance your standard good my lord.

Prin. How meane you, and the king my father liues?
No my lord *Mortimer*, not I, I trow.

Qu. Not sonne, why not? I would it were no worse,
But gentle lords, friendles we are in Fraunce.

Mor in. Mounsier le Grand, a noble friend of yours,
Tould vs at our arriual all the newes,
How hard the nobles, how vnkinde the king
Hath shewed himselfe, but madam, right makes roome,
Where weapons want, and though a many friends,
Are made a way, as *Warwick*, *Lancaster*,
And others of our partie and faction,
Yet haue we friends, assure your grace in England,
Would cast vp cappes, and clap their hands for ioy,
To see vs their appointed for our foes.

The Tragedie

Edm. Would all were well, and *Edward* well reclaimd,
For *Englands* honor, peace, and quietnes.

Mor. But by the sword, my lord, it must be deseru'd,
The king will nere forsake his flatterers.

S. Iob. My Lords of *England*, sith the vngentle king
Of *France* refuseth to giue aide of armes,
To this distressed *Queene* his sister heere,
Go you with hir to *Henolt*, doubt yee not,
We will finde comfort, money, men, and friends,
Ere long, to bid the *English King* a base,
How say yong Prince, what thinke you of the match?

Prin. I thinke King *Edward* will out-runne vs all.

Qu. Nay sonne, not so, and you must not discourage
Your friends that are so forward in your aide.

Edm. Sir *Iohn* of *Henolt*, pardon vs I pray,
These comforts that you giue our wofull *Queene*,
Binde vs in kindnes all at your commaund,

Qu. Yea gentle brother, and the God of heauen,
Prosper your happie motion good sir *Iohn*.

Mor. in. This noble gentleman forward in armes.
Was borne I see to be our anchor hold,
Sir *Iohn* of *Henolt*, be it thy renowne,
That *Englands Queene*, and nobles in destresse,
Haue beene by thee restored and comforted.

S. Iohn. Madam along, and you my lord with me,
That *Englands* peers may *Henolts* welcome see.

Enter the king, *Matr.* the two *Spencers*, with others.

Edw. Thus after many threats of wrathfull warre,
Triumpheth *Englands Edward* with his friendes,
And triumph *Edward* with his friends vncontrould,
My lord of *Gloster*, do you heare the newes?

Spem. in. What newes my lord?

Edw. Why man, they say there is great execution
Done through the realme, my lord of *Arundell*
You haue the note, haue you not?

Matr. From the liuetenant of the tower my lord.

Edw. I pray let vs see it what haue we there?

Read it *Spencer*.

Spencer reads their names.

Why so, they barkt a peece a month agoe.

Now

The Tragedie

Now on my life, theile neither barke nor bite,
Now firs, the newes from France, Gloster I trowe,
The lords of Fraunce loue Englands gold so well,
As *Isabell* gets no aide from thence.

What now remaines, haue you proclaimed, my lord,
Reward for them can bring in *Mortimer*?

Spencer. My lord, we haue, and if he be in England,
A will be had ere long I doubte it not.

Edw. If, doost thou say? *Spencer*, as true as death,
He is in Englands ground, our port-maisters
Are not so carelesse of their Kings commaund.

Enter a Pooste.

(these?)

How now, what newes with thee; from whence come
Post. Letters my lord, and tidings soorth of France,
To you my lord of Gloster from *Lewne*.

Edward. Reade,

Spencer reads the letter:

My dutie to your honor præmised, &c. I haue according to instructions in that behalfe, dealt with the King of Fraunce his lords, and effected, that the Queene all discontented and discomforted, is gone, whither if you aske, with sir *Iohn of Henolt*, brother to the Marquesse, into Flaunders: with them are gone Lorde *Edmund*, and the lord *Mortimer*, hauing, in their companie diuers of your nation, and others, and as constant report goeth, they intend to giue King *Edward* battell in England, sooner then he can looke for them: this is all the newes of import.

Your honors in all seruice, Lewne.

Edw. A villaines, hath that *Mortimer* elcapt?
With him is *Edmund* gone associate?
And will sir *Iohn of Henolt* lead the round?
Welcome a Gods name Madam and your sonne,
England shall welcome you, and all your route,
Gallop a pace bright *Phæbus* through the skie,
And duskie night, in rustie iron carre,
Betweene you both, shorten the time I pray,
That I may see that most desired day,

G

When

The Tragedy

When we may meete these traitors in the field.
Ah nothing grieues me but my little boye,
Is thus misled to countenance their ill,
Come friends to Bristow, there to make vs strong,
And winds as equall be to bring them in,
As you iniurious were to beare them soorth.

Enter the Queene, her sonne, Edmund, Mortimer, and sir Iohn.

Qy. Now lords, our louing friends and countrymen,
Welcome to England all with prosperous windes,
Our kindest friends in Belgea haue we left,
To cope with friends at home: a heauie case,
When force to force is knit and sword and gleaue,
In ciuill broyles make kin and country men,
Slaughter themselues in others, and the ir sides
With their owne weapons gorde, but whats the helpe?
Misgouerued kings are caule of all this wrack,
And *Edward* thou art one among them all,
Whose loosnes hath betrayed thy land to spoyle,
And made the channell overflow with blood,
Of thine own people patre shouldst thou be, but thou.

Mor. m. Nay madam, if you be a warriar,
Ye must not grow so passionate in speeches:
Lords, sith that we are by sufferance of heauen,
Arriu'd and armed in this princes right,
Heere for our countries cause sweare we to him
All homage, fealtie and forwardnes,
And for the opon wrongs and iniuries
Edward hath done to vs, his Queene and land,
We come in armes to wrecke it with the sword:
That Englands queene in peace may reposese
Her dignities and honours: and withall
We may remooue these flatterers from the King,
That hauocks Englands wealth and treasure.
S. Iohn. Sound trumpets my lord & forward let vs march.
Edward will thinke we come to flatter him.

Edm. I would he neuer had ben flattered more.

Enter

of Edward the second.

*Enter the King, Baldock, and Spencer the
sonne, flying about the stage.*

Spencer. Fly, fly, my Lord, the Queene is ouerstrong,
Her friends doe multiply and yours doe faile,
Shape we our course to Ireland there to breath.

Edm. What, was I borne to fly and runne away,
And leaue the *Mortimers* conquerers behind?
Giue me my horse and lets re'nforce our troupes.
And in this bed of honor die with fame.

Bald. O no my lord, this princely resolution
Fits not the time, away we are pursu'd.

Edmund alone with a sword and target.

Edm. This way he fled, but I am come too late,
Edward, alas my heart relents for thee,
Proud trayter *Mortimer* why dost thou chase,
Thy lawfull king thy soueraigne with thy sword?
Vilde wretch, and why hast thou of all vnkinde,
Borne armes against thy brother and thy king?
Raigne showers of vengeance on my cursed head
Thou God, to whom in iustice it belongs
To punish this vnnaturall reuolt:

Edward, this *Mortimer* aimes at thy life:
O flie him then, but *Edmund* calme this rage,
Dissemble or thou diest, for *Mortimer*
And *Isabell*, doe kisse while they conspire,
And yet she beares a face of loue forsooth:
Fie on that loue that hatcheth death and hate.
Edmund away, Bristow to Lonshankes blood
Is false, be not found single for suspect:
Proud *Mortimer* pries neere into thy walkes.

*Enter the Queene, Mortimer, the young Prince
and sir Iohn of Henolt.*

Qu. Successfulls battel giues the God of Kings,
To them that fight in right and feare his wrath:
Since then successfullly we haue preuailed,
Thankt be heauens great architect and you,
Ere farther we proceede my noble lords,
We here create our welbeloued sonne,
Of loue and care vnto his royall person,

of Edward the second.

Lord wardon of the realme, and sith the fates
Haue made his father so infortunate,
Deale you my lords in this, my louing lords,
As to your wisdomes fittest seemes in all.

Edm. Madam, without offence if I may aske,
How will your deale with *Edward* in his fall?

Edm. Madam, without offence if I may aske,
How will you deale with *Edward* in his fall?

Prin. Tell me good vnckle, what *Edward* do you meane?

Edm. Nephew, your father, I dare not call him King.

Mor. My lord of *Kent*, what needes these questions?

Tis not in her controulment, nor in ours,

But as the realme and parlement shall please,

So shall your brother be disposed of,

I like not this relenting moode in *Edmund*.

Madam, tis good to looke to him betimes,

Qu. My lord, the Maior of *Bristow* knowes our mind.

Mor. Yea madam, and they scape not easlye,

That fled the feelde.

Qu. *Baldock* is with the King,

A goodly chauncelor, is he not my Lord?

S. Ioh. So are the *Spencers*, the father and the sonne.

Edm. This *Edward*, is the ruine of the realme.

*Enter Rice ap Howell, and the Maior of Bristow,
with Spencer the Father.*

Rice. God saue Queene *Isabell*, and hir princely sonne,

Madam, the Maior and Citizens of *Bristow*,

In signe of loue and dutie to this presence,

Present by me this traitor to the state,

Spencer, the father to that wanton *Spencer*,

That like the lawles *Catiline* of *Rome*,

Reueld in Englands wealth and treasure.

Qu. We tanke you all.

Mor. ju. Your louing care in this,

Deserueth princely fauours and rewardes,

But wheres the King and the other *Spencer* fled?

Rice. *Spencer* the sonne, created earle of *Gloster*,

Is with that smooth tongd scholler *Baldock* gone,

And shipt but late for *Ireland* with the King.

Mor. in.

of Edward the second,

Mor.in. Some whirle wind serch them backe, or sinke
them all:

They shalbe started thence I doubt it not,

Prin. Shall I not see the King my father yet?

Edm. Vnhappies *Edward*, chast from Englands bounds,

S.Iohn. Madam, what resteth, why stand ye in a muse?

Que. I rue my Lordes ill fortune, but alas,

Care of my countrie cald me to this warre.

Mor. Madam, haue done with care and sad complaint,

Your King hath wrong'd your countrie and himselfe,

And we must seeke to right it as we may,

Meane while, haue hence this rebell to the blocke,

Spen.pa. Rebell is he that fights against the prince,

So fought not they that fought in *Edwards* right.

Mor. Take him away, he prates, you *Rice ap howell*,

Shall doe good seruice to her Maiestie,

Being of countenance in your countrey heere,

To follow these rebellious runnagates,

We in meane while madam, must take aduise,

How *Balducke*, *Spencer*, and their complices,

May in their fall be followed to their end.

Exeunt omnes.

*Enter the Abbot, Monke, Edward, Spencer,
and Balducke.*

Abbot. Haue you no doubt my Lord, haue you no feare,

As silent and as carefull we will be,

To keepe your royall person safe with vs,

Free from suspect, and fell inuasion

Of such as haue your maiestie in chase,

Your selfe, and those your chosen companie

As danger of this stormie time requires.

Edw. Father, thy face should harbour no deceit,

O had'st thou euer beene a King, thy heart

Pierced deeply with sence of my distresse,

Could not but take compassion of my state,

Stately and proud, in riches and in traine,

Whilom I was powerfull and full of pompe,

But what is he, whome rule and emperie

Haue not in life or death made miserable?

The Tragedie

Come *Spencer*, come *Baldocke*, come sit downe by me,
Make triall now of that philophie,
That in our famous nurseries of artes
Thou sucked'st from *Plato*, and from *Aristotle*.
Father, this life contemplatiue is heauen,
O that I might this life in quiet lead,
But we alas are chaste, and you my friendes,
Your liues and my dishonour they pursue
Yet gentle monkes, for treasure, gold nor fee,
Do you betray vs and our companie.

Monkes. Your grace may sit secure, if none but wee doe
wot of your abode.

Spen. Not one aliue, but shrewdly I suspect,
A gloomie fellow in a meade belowe,
A gaue a long looke after vs my Lord,
And all the land I know is vp in armes,
Armes that pursue our liues with deadly hate.

Bald. We were imbarke for Ireland, wretchd we,
With awkward windes, and sore tempestes driuen
To fall on shoare, and here to pine in feare
Of *Mortimer* and his confederates.

Edw. *Mortimer*, who talkes of *Mortimer*,
Who woundes me with the name of *Mortimer*
That bloodie man? good father on thy lap
Lay I this head, laden with mickle care,
O might I neuer open these eyes againe,
Neuer againe lift vp this drooping head,
O neuer more lift vp this dying heart!

Spen. son. Look vp my Lod. *Baldocke*, this drowfines
Beides no good, here euen we are betrayed.

Enter with Welch hookes, *Rice* ap *Howell*, a *Mower*,
and the earle *Leicester*.

Mower. Vpon my life, these be the men ye seeke,

Rice. Fellow enough, my Lord I pray be short,
A faite commission warrants what we doe.

Les. The Queenes commission, yrg'd by *Mortimer*,
What cannot gallant *Mortimer* with the Queene?
Alas, see where he sits, and hopes vncene,
Tescape their handes that seek to reape his life.

of Edward the second.

Too true it is, *quem dies vidit veniens superbum,*
Hunc dies vidit fugiens iacentem.

But *Leister* leaue to growe so passionate,
Spencer and *Balduske*, by no other names,
 I arrest you of high treason here,
 Stand not on titles, but obey th' arrest,
 'Tis in the name of *Isabell* the Queene.

My Lord, why droope you thus?

Edw. O day! the last of all my blisse on earth,
 Center of all misfortune. O my starres!
 Why do you lowre vnkindly on a King?
 Come *Leister* then in *Isabellas* name,
 To take my life, my companie from me?
 Heere man rip vp this panting breast of mine,
 And take my hart, in reskew of my friendes.

Rice. Away with them.

Spen.in. It may become thee yet,
 To let vs take our farewell of his grace.

Abb. My heart with pittie earnest to see this sight,
 A king to beare these wordes and proud commaundes.

Edw. *Spencer*, a sweete *Spencer*, thus then must we part.

Spen.in. We must my Lord, so wil the angry heauens.

Edw. Nay so will hell and cruell *Mortimer*,
 The gentle heauens haue not to doe in this.

Bald. My Lord, it is in vaine to greeue or storme,
 Heere humble of your grace we take our leaues,
 Our lots are cast, I leare me so is thine.

Edw. In heauen we may, in earth neuer shall we meete,
 And *Leister* say, what shall become of vs?

Leist. Your maiestie must goe to *Killingworth*.

Edw. Must! tis somewhat hard, when kings must go.

Leist. Here is a litter redie for your grace,
 That waites your pleasure, and the day growes olde.

Rice. As good be gone, as stay and be benighted.

Edw. A litter hast thou, lay me in a hearte,
 And to the gates of hell coniey me hence,
 Let *Plutos* bels ring out my fatall knell,
 And hags howle for my death at *Charons* shore,
 For friendes hath *Edward* none, but these, and these,

The Tragedie

And these must die vnder a tyrants sword.

Rice. My Lord, be going, care not for these,
For we shall see them shorter by the heades.

Edw. Well, that shalbe, shalbe: part we must,
Sweete *Spencer*, gentle *Balducke*, part we must,
Hence fained weedes, vnfained are my woes,
Father, farewell: *Leister* thou staist for me,
And go I must, life farewell, with my friendes,

Exeunt Edward and Lancaster.

Spen.in. O is he gone! is noble *Edward* gone,
Parted from hence, neuer to see vs more,
Rent sphere of heauen, and fier forsake thy orbe,
Eearth melt to ayre, gone is my soueraigne,
Gone, gone alas, neuer to make returne.

Bald. *Spencer*, I see our soules are fleeting hence,
We are depriu'de the sun-shine of our life,
Make for a new life-man, throw vp thy eyes,
And heart and hand to heauens immortal throne,
Pay natures debt with cheerefull countenance,
Reduce we all our lessons vnto this
To die sweete *Spencer*, therefore liue we all;
Spencer, all liue to die, and rise to fall.

Rice. Come, come, keepe these preachments till you
come to the place appointed
You, & such as you are, haue made wise work in England,
Will your Lordships away?

Mouuer. Your Lordship I trust will remember me?

Rice. Remember thee fellow? what else
Follow me to the towne.

*Enter the King, Leicester, with a Bishop for
the crowne,*

Lei. Be patient good my Lord, cease to lament,
Imagine Killingworth Castell were your Court:
And that you lay for pleasure here a space,
Not of compulsion or necessitie.

Edw. *Leister*, if gentle wordes might comfort me;
Thy speches long agoe had easde my torowes
For kinde & louing hast thou alwaies beene:
The greefes of priuate men are soone allayde

of Edward the second,

But not of Kings, the Forrest Deare being stricke
Runnes to an hearbe that closeth vp the woundes,
But when the imperiall Lions flesh is gorde,
He rends, and teares it with his wrathfull pawe,
Highly scorring, that the lowly earth
Should drinke his blood, mounts vp to the ayre:
And so it fares with me, whose dauntlesse minde
The ambitious *Mortimer* would seeke to curbe,
And that vnnaturall Queene false *Isabell*,
That thus hath pent and mu'd me in a prison,
For such outragious passions cloy my soule,
As with the wings of ran cour and disdaine,
Full oft am I sowing vp to heauen,
To plaine me to the gods against them both:
But when I call to minde I am a King,
Me thinkes I should reuenge me of my wronges,
That *Mortimer* and *Isabell* haue done,
But what are Kings, when regiment is gone,
But perfect shadowes in a sun-shine day?
My nobles rule, I beare the name of King,
I weare the crowne, but am contrould by them,
By *Mortimer*, and my vnconstanc Queene,
Who spots my nuptiall bed with infamie,
Whilst I am lodg'd within this caue of care,
Where sorrow at my elbow still attends,
To company my heart with sad lamentes,
That bleedes within me for this strange exchange.
But tell me, must I now resigne my crowne,
To make vsurping *Mortimer* a King?

Bish. Your grace mistakes, it is for Englands good,
And princely *Edwards* right we craue the crowne.

Edw. No, tis for *Mortimer*, not *Edwards* head,
For hees a lambe, encompassed by Wolues,
Which in a moment will abridge his life:
But if proud *Mortimer* doe weare this crowne,
Heauens turne it to a blaze of quenchlesse fire,
Or like the snakie wreath of *Tisiphon*,
Engirt the temples of his hatefull head,
So shall not Englands Vines be penshed;

The Tragedie

But *Edward's* name suruiues, though *Edward* dies,

Lein. My Lord, why wast you thus the time away,

They stay your answere, will you yeeld your crowne?

Edw. Ah *Leister*, way, how hardly I can brooke

To loose my crowne and kingdome, without cause,

To giue ambitious *Mortimer* my right,

That like a mountaine ouerwhelmes my blisse,

In which extreame my minde heere murdered is:

But that the heauen appoint, I must obey,

Here take, my crowne, the life of *Edward* too,

Two Kings in England cannot raigne at once:

But stay a while, let me King till night,

That I may gaze vpon this glittering crowne,

So shall my eyes receiue their last content,

My head, the latest honour dew to it,

And ioyntly both yeeld vp their wished right.

Continue euer thou celestiall Sunne,

Let neuer silent night possesse this clime,

Stand still you watches of the element.

All times and seasons rest you at a stay,

That *Edward* may be still faire Englands King:

But daies bright beame doth vanith fast away,

And needes I must religne my wished crowne

Inhumaine creatures, nursht with Tigers milke,

Why gape you for your soueraignes ouerthrow,

My Diadem I meane, and guiltlesse life,

See monsters see, ile weare my crowne againe

What, feare you not the furie of your king?

But haplesse *Edward* thou art fondly led,

They passe not for thy frownes as late thy did,

But seekes to make a new elected King,

Which fills my minde with strange depainging thoughts,

Which thoughts are martyred with endlesse torments,

And in this torment, comfort finde I none,

But that I seele the crowne vpon my head,

And therefore let me weare it yet a while.

Triu. My Lord, the parliament must haue present newes,

And therefore say, will you religne or no,

The King rageth

Edw.

of Edward the second,

Edw. Ile not resigne, but whilst I liue,
Traitors be gon, and ioyne you with *Mortimer*,
Elect, conspire, install, doe what you will,
Their blood and yours shall seale these treacheries.

Bish. This answere weele returne, and so farewell.

Leist. Call them againe my Lord, and speake them faire,
For if they goe, the prince shall loose his right.

Edw. Call thou them backe, I haue no power to speake,

Lei. My Lord the king is willing to resigne,

Bish. if he be not, let him choose.

Edw. O would I might, but heauens & earth conspire
To make me miserable: heere receiue my crowne,
Receiue it? no, these innocent handes of mine
Shall not be guiltie of so foule a crime,
He of you all that most desires my blood,
And will be called the murtherer of a King,
Take it: what are you moude, pitie you me?
Then send for vntelenting *Mortimer*
And *Isabell*, whose eies being turnd to Steele,
Will sooner sparkle fire then shed a teare:
Yet stay, for rather then I will looke on them,
Heere, heere: now sweete God of heauen,
Make me despise this transitorie pompe,
And sit for aye in thronized in heauen,
Come death, and with thy fingers close my eyes,
Or if I liue, let me forget my selfe.

Enter Bartley.

Bartley. My Lorde.

Edw. Call me not Lorde,
Away, out of my sight, ah pardon me,
Greefe makes me lunaticke,
Let not that *Mortimer* protect my sonne,
More fastie there is in a Tigers iawes,
Then his imbracements, beare this to the Queene,
Wet with my teares, and dried againe with sighes,
If with the sight thereof shee be not moued,
Returne it backe and dip it in my blood,
Commend me to my sonne, and bid him rule
Better then I, yet how haue I transgressed,

The Tragedie

Vnlesse it be with too much clemencie?

Tru. And thus, most humbly do we take our leaue.

Edw. Farewell, I know the next newes that they bring,
Will be my death, and welcome shall it be,
To wretched men death is felicitie.

Leist. An other poast, what newes brings he?

Edw. Such newes as I expect, come *Bartley* come,
And tell thy message to my naked brest.

Bart. My Lord, thinke not a thought so villanous
Can harbour in a man of noble birth.

To do your highnes seruice and deuoir,
And saue you from your foes, *Bartley* would die.

Leist. My Lord, the counsell of the Queene commaunds,
That I resigne my charge.

Edw. And who must keepe mee now, must you my lord?

Bart. I, my most gracious Lord, so tis decreede,

Edw. By *Mortimer*, whose name is written here,
Well may I rent his name, that rends my heart,
This poore reuenge hath something easde my minde,
So may his limmes be torne, as is this paper,
Heare me immortall *Ioue*, and grant it too.

Bar. Your grace must hence with me to *Bartley* straight.

Edw. Whither you will, all places are alike,
And euery earth is fit for buriall.

Leist. Fauour him my Lord, as much as lieth in you.

Bart. Euen so betide my soule as I vse him.

Edw. Mine enemy hath pitied my estate,
And thats the cause that I am now remooude.

Bart. And thinks your grace that *Bartley* will bee cruel?

Edw. I know not, but of this am I assured,
That death endes all, and I can die but once,
Leicester, farewell.

Lei. Not yet my Lord, ile beare you on your way.

Exeunt omnes.

*Enter Mortimer, and Queene
Isabell.*

Mor. in. Faire *Isabell*, now haue we our desire,
The proud corrupters of the light-braind king,

Haue

of Edward the second,

Haue done their homage to the loslie gallowes,
And he himselfe lies in captiuitie,
Be rulde by me, and we will rule the realme,
In any case take heede of childish feare,
For now we hold an old Wolfe by the eares,
That if he slip will seaze vpon vs both,
And gripe the sorer being gript himselfe,
Thinke therefore madam that imports as much,
To erect your sonne withall the speede we may,
And that I be protector ouer him,
For our behoofe will beare the greater sway
When as a Kings name shal be vnder writ.

Qu. Sweete Mortimer, the life of Isabell,
Be thou perswaded, that I loue thee well,
And therefore so the prince my sonne be safe,
Whom I esteeme as deare as these mine eyes,
Conclude against his father what thou wilt,
And I my selfe will willingly subscribe.

Mor. in. First would I here newes he were deposde,
And then let me alone to handle him.

Enter Messenger.

Mor. in. Letters from whence?

Messen. From Killingworth my Lorde.

Qu. How faires my Lord the King?

Messen. In health madam, but full of pensiuenes.

Qu. Alas poore soule, would I could ease his greefe,
Thanks gentle Winchester, firra, be gon.

Win. The King hath willingly resignde his crowne.

Qu. O happie newes, send for the prince my sonne.

Bish. Further, or this letter was sealed, Lord Bartley came,
So that he now is gone from Killingworth,
And we haue heard that Edmund laid a plot,
To set his brother free, no more but so,
The lord of Bartley is so pitifull,
As Leicester that had charge of him before.

Qu. Then let some other be his guardian.

Mor. in. Let me alone, here is the priuie seale,

The Tragedie

whose there, call hither *Gurney* and *Matrenis*,
To dash the heauie headed *Edmonds* drift,
Bartley shall be discharg'd, the king remoou'd,
And none but we shall know where he lieth.

Qu. But *Mortimer*, as long as he suruiues
What safetie rests for vs, or for my sonne?

Mor.in. Speake, shall he presently be dispatch'd & die?

Qu. I would hee were, so it were not by my means.

Enter Matrenis and Gurney.

Mor.in. Inough *Matrenis*, write a letter presently
Vnto the Lord of *Bartley* from our selfe,
That he resigne the King to thee and *Gurney*,
And when tis done, we will subscribe our name.

Mat. It shall be done my lord.

Mor.in. *Gurney*,

Gur. My Lord.

Mor.in. As thou intendest to rise by *Mortimer*,
Who now makes Fortunes wheele turne as he please,
Seeke all the means thou canst to make him droope,
And neither giue him kinde word nor good looke.

Gur. I warrant you my lord.

Mor.in. And this aboue the rest, because we heare
That *Edmond* casts to worke his libertie,
Remooue him still from place to place by night,
Till at the last, he come to Killingworth,
And then from thence to *Bartley* back againe:
And by the way to make him fret the more,
Speake curstly to him, and in any case
Let no man comfort him, if he chaunce to weepe,
But amplifie his greefe with bitter words.

Matr. Feare not my Lord, weele do as you commaund.

Mor.in. So now away, post thither wards amaine.

Qu. Whither goes this letter, to my lord the King?
Commend me humbly to his Maiestie,
And tell him, that I labour all in vaine,
To ease his griefe, and worke his libertie:
And beare him this, as witnesse of my loue.

Mat. I will madam.

Exeunt

of Edward the second,

Exeunt Matreus and Gurney,

Manent Isabell and Mortimer.

*Enter the yong Prince, and the Earle of Kent
talking with him.*

Mor. in. Finely dissembled, do so still sweete Queene,
Heere comesthe young prince, with the Earle of Kent.

Qu. Some thing he whilpers in his childish eares.

Mor. in. If he haue such accessse vnto the prince,
Our plots and stratagemis will soone be dasht.

Qu. Vse Edmund frendly, as if all werewell.

Mor. in. How fares my honorable lord of Kent?

Edm. In health swete *Mortimer*, how fares your grace,

Qu. Well, if my Lord your brother were enlargd.

Edm. I heare of late he hath deposde himselfe.

Queen. The more my greele.

Mor. in. And mine.

Edm. Ah they do dissemble.

Que. Sweete sonne come hither, I must talke with thee.

Mor. in. You being his vncl, and the next of bloud,
Do looke to be protector ouer the prince.

Edm. Not I my lord: who should protect the sonne,
But she that gaue him life, I meane the *Queene*?

Prin. Mother, perswade me not to weare the crowne,
Let him be King, I am too young to raigne.

Qu. But bee content, seeing it his highnesse pleasure.

Prin. Let me but see him first, and then I will.

Edm. I do sweete Nephew.

Qu. Brother, you know it is impossible

Prin. Why, is he dead?

Qu. No, God forbid.

Edm. I would those wordes proceeded from your heart.

Mor. in. Inconstant *Edmund* dost thou fauor him,
That wast a cause of his impritnment?

Edm. The more cause haue I now to make amends.

Mor. in. I tell thee tis not meet, that one so false
Should come about the person of a prince,

The Tragedie

My lord, he hath betraid the King his brother,
And therefore trust him not.

Prin. But he repents, and sorrowes for it now.

Qu. Come sonne, and go with this gentle lord and me.

Prin. With you I will, but not with *Mortimer*.

Mor. Why yongling, s'dainst thou so of *Mortimer*?
Then I will carrie thee by force away.

Prin. Help vnckle *Kent*, *Mortimer* will wrong me.

Qu. Brother *Edmund*, strue not, we are his friends,
Isabell is neerer then the earle of *Kent*.

Edm. Sister *Edward* is my charge, redeeme him.

Qu. *Edward* is my sonne, and I will keepe him.

Edm. *Mortimer* shall know that he hath wrongde mee.
Hence will I hast to *Killingworth* castle,
And rescue aged *Edward* from his foes,
To be reuengde on *Mortimer* and thee.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Matreuis and Gurney with the King

Matr. My lord, be not pensue, we are your friends,
Men are ordainde to liue in misery,
Therefore come, dalliance dangereth our liues.

Edw. Friends, whither must vnhappy *Edward* go,
Will hatefull *Mortimer* appoint no rest?
Must I be vexed like the nightly birde,
Whose sight is loathsome to all winged fowles?
When will the furie of his minde asuage?
When will his heart be satisfied with bloud?
If mine will serue, vnbowell straight this brest,
And giue my heart to *Isabell* and him,
It is the chiefest marke they leuell at.

Gur. Not so my liege, the *Queene* hath giuen this charge,
To keepe your grace in safety,
Your passions make your colours to increase.

Edw. This vsage makes my miserie increase,
But can my ayre of life continue long,
When all my sences are annoyde with stench?

Wichin

of Edward the second.

Within a dungeon Englands King is kept,
Where I am steru'd for want of sustenance,
My dailie diet, is heart breaking sobs,
That almost rent the closet of my heart,
Thus liues old *Edward* not releeu'd by any,
And so must die, though pitied by many.
O water gentle friendsto coole my thirst,
And cleare my bodie from foule excrements,

Marr. Heereschannell water, as our charge is giuen,
Sit downe, for weele be barbaras to your grace.

Edw. Traitors away, what will you murder me,
Or choake your soueraigne with puddle water?

Gur. No, but wash your face, and shauē away your beard,
Least you be knowne, and so be rescued.

Marr. Why strue you thus your labour is in vaine?

Edw. The wren may strue against the Lions strength.
But all in vaine, so vainly do I strue,
To seeke for mercie at a tyrants hand.

*They wash him with puddle water, and shauē
his beard away.*

Immortall powers, that knowes the painfull cares,
That waites vpon my poore distressed soule,
O leuell all your lookes vpon these daring men,
That wrongs their liege & soueraigne, Englands king,
O *Gaueston*, it is for thee that I am wrongde,
For me, both thou, and both the *Spencers* died
And for your sakes, a thousand wrongs ile take,
The *Spencers* ghostes, where euer they remaine,
Wish well to mine, then tush for them ile die.

Marr. Twixt theirs and yours, shall be no enmitie,
Come, come, away, now put the torches out,
Weele enter in by darknes to Killingwoorth.

Enter Edmund.

Gur. Hownow, who comes there?

Marr. Guard the King sure, it is the Earle of Kent.

Edw. O gentle brother, helpe to rescue me.

Marr. Keepe them asunder, thrust in the King.

The Tragedy

Edm. Souldiers, let me but talke to him one word.
Gur. Lay hands vpon the Earle for his assault.
Edm. Lay downe your weapons, traitors yeelde the king
Matr. *Edmund*, yeelde thou thy felfe, or thou shalt die.
Edm. Base villaines, wherefore do you gripe mee thus?
Gur. Binde him, and so conuey him to the court.
Edm. Where is the court but here, here is the king,
And I will visit him, why slay you me?
Matr. The court is where lord *Mortimer* remaines,
Thither shall your honour go, and so farewell.

Exeunt Matrenis and Gurney, with the king.
Manent Edmund and the souldiers.

Edm. O Miserable is that common weale, where lords
Keepe courts and Kings are lockt in prison!
Sould. Wherefore slay wee? on firs to the court.
Edm. I, lead me whether you will, euen to my death,
Seeing that my brother cannot be releast.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Mortimer alone.

Mor. in. The King must die or *Mortimer* goes downe,
The commons now begin to pitie him,
Yet he that is the cause of *Edwards* death,
Is sure to pay for it when his sonne is of age,
And therefore will I do it cunningly,
This letter written by a friend of ours,
Containes his death, yet bids them saue his life,
Edwardum occidere nolite timere bonum est.
Feare not to kill the King tis good he die
But read it thus, and thats another sence:
Edwardum occidere nolite timere bonum est.
Kill not the King tis good to feare the worst,
Vnpointed as it is, thus shall it goe,
That being dead, if it chaunce to be found,
Matrenis and the rest may beare the blame,

And

of Edward the second.

And we be quit that causde it to be done:
Within this roome is lockt the messenger,
That shall conuey it, and performe the rest,
And by a secret token that he beares,
Shall he be murdered when the deede is done.

Lightborn, come forth, art thou so resolute as thou wast?

Light, What else my lord? and farre more resolute,

Mor. in. And hast thou cast how to accomplish it?

Light, I I, and none shall know which way he died.

Mor. in. But at his lookes *Lightborne* thou wilt relent.

Light, Relent, ha, ha, I vse much to relent.

Mor. Well, doe it brauely, and be secret.

Light, You shall not neede to giue instructions,
Tis not the first time I haue killed a man,
I learned in Naples how to poyson flowers,
To strangle with a lawne thrust through the throte,
To pierce the wind-pipe with a needles point,
Or whilst one is a sleepe, to take a quill
And blowe a little powder in his eares,
Or open his mouth, and powre quicksiluer downe,
But yet I haue a brauer way then these.

Mor. Whats that?

(trickes.

Light, Nay, you shall pardon me, none shall know my

Mor. I care not how it is, so it be not spide,

Deliuier this to *Gurney* and *Matrenis*,

At euery ten mile, end thou hast a horse.

Take this, away, and neuer see mee more.

Light, No?

Mor. No, vnlesse thou bring me news of *Edward's* death.

Light, That will I quicklie doe, farewell my lord.

Mor. The prince I rule, the queene do I commaund,

And with a lowly conge to the ground,

The proudest lords salute me as I passe,

I seale, I cancell, I doe what I will,

Feard am I more then lou'd, let me be feard:

And when I frowne, make all the court looke pale,

I view the prince with *Aristarcus* eyes,

Whose lookes were as a breeching to a boye,

They thrust vpon me the Protectorship,

The Tragedie

And sue to me for that that I desire,
While at the counsell table, graue enough,
And not vnlike a bashfull paretaine,
First I complaine of imbecillitie,
Saying it is, *onus quam grauissimum*,
Till being interrupted by my friends,
insceps that *provinciam* as they rearme it,
And to conclude, I am protector now,
Now is all sure, the Queene and *Mortimer*
Shall rule the realme, the king, and none rules vs,
Mine enemies will I plague, my friends aduance,
And what I list commaund, who dare controwle,
Maior sum quam cui possit fortuna nocere,
And that this be the coronation day,
It pleaseth me, and *Isabell* the Queene,
The trumpets sound, I must go take my place.

*Enter the young King, Bishop, Champion,
Nobles, Queene.*

Bish. Long liue king *Edward*: by the grace of God,
King of England, and lord of Ireland.

Cham. If any Christian, Heathen, Turke, or Iewe,
Dares but affirme, that *Edwards* not true King.
And will auouch his saying with the sworde,
I am the Champion that will combate him?

Mor. in. None comes, sound trumpets.

King. Champion, heeres to thee.

Qu. Lord *Mortimer*, now take him to your charge.

*Enter Souldiers with the Earle of
Kent prisoner.*

Mor. in. What traitor haue we there with blades & billes?

Sould. *Edmund* the Earle of Kent.

King. What hath he done?

Sould. A would haue taken the king away perforce,
As we were bringing him to Killingworth.

Mor. in. Did you attempt his rescue, *Edmund* speake?

Edm.

of Edward the second,

Edm. Mortimer, I did, he is our King,
And thou compel'st this prince to weare the crowne.

Mor. in. Strike off his head, he shall haue marshall law.

Edm. Strike off my head, base traitour I defie thee.

King. My Lord, he is my Vnckle and shall liue.

Mor. in. My Lord, he is your enemy, and shall die.

Edm. Stay villaines.

King. Sweete mother, if I cannot pardon him,
Intreate my Lord Protector for his life.

Que. Sonne, be content, I dare not speake a word.

King. Nor I, and yet me thinkes I should commaund,
But seeing I cannot, ile intreate for him:

My Lord, if you will let my vnckle liue,

I will requite it when I come to age.

Mor. in. Tis for your highnesse good, and for the
realmes,

How often shall I bid you beare him hence?

Edm. Art thou King, must I die at thy commaund?

Mor. in. At our comaunde, once more away with
him.

Edm. Let me but stay and speake, I will not go,
Either my brother or his sonne is King,
And none of both them thirst for *Edmonds* bloud,
And therefore soldiers whether will you hale me?

*They hale Edmond away, and carry him
to be beheaded.*

King. What safetie may I looke for at his handes,
If that my Vnckle shall be murdered thus?

Queen. Feare not sweete boy, ile garde thee from
thy foes,

Had *Edmond* liu'de, he would haue fought thy death,
Come sonne, weele ride a hunting in the parke,

King. And shall my Vnckle *Edmond* ride with vs?

Queen. He is a traitor, thinke not on him, come.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Matr. and Gurney.

Matr. Gurney. I wonder the King dies not,
Being in a vault vp to the knees in water,
To which the channels of the castell runne,

The Tragedie

From whence a dampe continually ariseth,
That were enough to poyson any man,
Much inore a King brought vp so tenderly.

Gurn. And so do I, *Matreus*: yesternight
I opened but the doore to throw him meate,
And I was almost stifeled with the saour.

Matr. He hath a bodie able to endure,
More then we can enflie, and therefore now,
Let vs assaile his minde another while.

Gurn. Send for him out thence, and I will anger him.

Matr. But stay, whose this?

Enter Lightborne.

Light. My Lord protector greetes you.

Gurn. Whats heere? I know not how to construe it:

Matr. *Gurney*, it was left vnpointed for the nonce,
Edwardum occidere nolite timere,
Thats his meaning.

Light. Know you this token, I must haue the King?

Matr. I stay a while, thou shalt haue answer straight,
This villan's sent to make away the King.

Gurney. I thought as much.

Matr. And when the murders done,
See how he must be handled for his labour,
Pereat iste: let him haue the King,
What else, heere is the keyes, this is the lake,
Doe as you are commaunded by my Lord

Light. I know what I must doe, get you away,
Yet be not farre off, I shall neede your helpe,
See that in the next roome I haue a fier,
And get me a spet and let it be red hote.

Matre. Very well,

Gurn. Neede you any thing besides?

Light. What else, a table and a fetherbed.

Gurn. Thats all.

Light. I, I, so when I call you, bring it in.

Matre. Feare not thou that.

Gurn. Heeres a light, go into the dungeon.

Light. So now must I about this geere, nere was
there any

of Edward the second,

So finely handled as this King shalbe,
Eoh, heeres a place in deed with all my heart,

Edw. Whose there, what light is that, wherefore
com'st thou?

Light. To comfort you, and bring you ioyfull newes.

Eauv. Small comforte findes poore *Edward* in thy
lookes,

Villaine, I know thou com'st to murder me.

Light. To murder you my most gracious Lord,
Farre is it from my heart to do you harme,
The Queene sent me, to see how you were vsed,
For she relents at this your miserie.

And whateies can refraine from shedding teares,
To see a King in this most pittious state?

Edw. Weep'st thou already, list a while to me,
And then thy heart, were it as *Gurneys* is,
Or as *Marrenis*, hewne from the *Caucasus*,
Yet will it melt, ere I haue done my tale,
This dungeon where they keepe me, is the sinke,
Wherein the filth of all the castell falles,

Light. O villaines!

Edw. And there in mire and puddle haue I stood,
This ten daies space, and least that I should sleepe,
One plates continually vpon a Drum,
They giue me bread and water being a King,
So that for want of sleepe and sustenance,
My mindes distempered, and my bodies numde,
And whether I haue limmes or no I know not,
O would my blood dropt out from euery vaine,
As doth this water from my tattered robes:
Tell *Isabell* the Queene, I lookt not thus,
When for her sake I ran at tilt in France,
And there vnhorst the Duke of *Cleremant*.

Light. O speake no more my Lord, this breaks my hart,
Lie on this bed and rest your selfe a while,

Edw. These looks of thine can harbor nought but death,
I see my tragedie written in thy browes,
Yet stay a while, forbear thy bloudie hand,
And let me see the stroke before it comes,

The Tragedie

That and euen then when I shall loose my life,
My minde may be more stedfast on my God.

Light. What meanes your highnesse to mistrust me thus?

Edw. What mean'st thou to dissemble with me thus?

Light. These handes were neuer staine with innocent blood,

Nor shall they now be tainted with a Kings.

Edward. Forgiue my thought, for hauing such a thought,

One iewell haue I left, receiue thou this,
Stillfeare I, and I know not whats the cause,
But euerie iointe shakes as I giue it thee:

O if thou harborst murder in thy heart,

Let this gift change thy minde, and saue thy soule,

Know that I am a King, oh at that name,

I feele a hell of greefe, where is my crowne?

Gone, gone, and doe I remaine aliue?

Light. You'r ouerwarch'd my Lord, lie downe and rest.

Edw. But that greefe keepes me waking, I should sleepe

For not these ten daies haue these eies-lids close,

Now as I speake they fall, and yet with feare

Open againe, O wherefore sits thou heere?

Light. If you mistrust me, ile be gon my Lord.

Edw. No, no, for if thou meanst to murder me,

Thou wilt returne againe, and therefore stay.

Light. He sleepe.

Edw. O let me not die, yet stay, O stay a while.

Light. How now my Lord.

Edw. Something still busseth in mine eares,

And tels me if I sleepe I neuer wake,

This feare is that which makes me tremble thus.

And therefore tell me, wherefore art thou come?

Light. To rid thee of thy life, *Matrenis* come,

Edw. I am too weake and feeble to resist,

Assist me sweet God, and receiue my soule.

Light. Runne for the table.

Edw. O spare me, or dispatch me in a trice.

Light. So, lay the table downe, and stampe on it.

But not too hard, leaue that you bruse his bodie.

OF EDWARD THE SECOND.

Matr. I feare mee that this crie will raise the towne,
And therefore let vs take horse and away.

Light. Tell me firs, was is not brauely done?

Gurn. Excellent well, take this for thy reward,

Then Gurney stabs Lightborne.

Come let vs cast the bodie in the more,
And beare the Kings to *Mortimer* our Lord, away.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Mortimer and Matrenis.

Mor.in. Ist done, *Matrenis*, and the murtherer dead?

Matr. I my good Lord, I would it were yndone.

Mor.in. *Matrenis*, if thou now growest penitent
Heberhy ghostly father, therefore chouse,
Whether thou wilt be secret in this,
Or else die by the hand of *Mortimer*.

Matr. *Gurney* my Lord is fled, and will I feare,
Betray vs both, therefore let me flie.

Mor.in. Flie to the Sauages.

Matr. I humblie thanke your honour.

Mor.in. As for my selfe, I stand as *Ioues* huge tree,
And others are but shrubs compar'd to me,
All tremble at my name and I feare none,
Lets see who dare impeach me for his death?

Enter the Queene.

Queen. A *Mortimer*, the King my sonne hath newes,
His father's dead, and we haue murdered him.

Mor.in. What if he haue? the king is yet a child.

Que. I, I, but he teares his haire, and wrings his hands,
And vowes to be reuengd vpon vs both,
Into the councell chamber he is gone,
To craue the aide and succour of his peeres,
Aye me, see where he comes, and they with him,
Now *Mortimer* begins our Tragedie.

Enter the King, with the Lords.

Lords. Feare not my Lord, know that you are a King.

King. Villaine.

Mor. in. Ho now my Lord?

King. Thinke not that I am frighted with thy words
My father's murdered through thy trecherie,
And thou shalt die, and on his mournfull hearse,
Thy hatefull and accursed head shall lie,
To witnesse to the world, that by thy meanes,
His kingly bodie was too soone interde.

Queen. Weepe not sweete sonne.

King. Forbid not me to weepe, he was my father,
And had you lou'de him halfe so well as I,
You could not beare his death thus patiently,
But you I feare, conspird with *Mortimer*.

Lords. Why speake you not vnto my Lord the King?

Mor. in. Because I thinke scorne to be accusde,
Who is the man dares say I murthered him?

King. Traitour, in me my louing father speakes,
And plainely saith, t'was thou that murthered him.

Mor. in. But hath your grace no other prooffe then this?

King. Yes if this be the hand of *Mortimer*.

Mor. in. False *Gurney* hath betraid me and himsele,

Queen. I feard as much, murther cannot be hid.

Mor. in. Tis my hand, what gather you by this,

King. That thither thou didst send a murtherer.

Mor. in. What murtherer? bring forth the man I sent

King. A *Mortimer*, thou knowest that he is slaine,
And so shalt thou be too: why staies he heere?
Bring him vnto a hurdle, drag him foorth,
Hang him I say, and set his quarters vp,
But bring his head backe presently to me.

Queen. For my sake sweete sonne pittie *Mortimer*,

Mor. in. Madam, intreat not, I will rather die,
Then sue for life vnto a paltrie boy.

King. Hence with the traitor, with the murderer.

Mor. in. Base fortune, now I see, that in thy wheele
There is a point, to which when men aspyre,
They tumble hedlong downe, that point I toucht,
And seeing there was no place to mount vp higher,
Why should I greeue at my declining fall,
Farwell faire *Queene*, weepe not for *Mortimer*.

That scornes the world, and as a traueller,
Goes to discouer countries yet vnknowne.

King. What, suffer you the traitor to delay?

Qu. As thou receiuedst thy life from me,
Spill not the blood of gentle *Mortimer*.

King. This argues, that you spilt my Fathers blood,
Els would you not intreate for *Mortimer*.

Qu. I spill his blood? no.

King. I madam you, for so the rumor runnes.

Qu. That rumor is vntrue, for louing thee,
Is this report raise on poore *Isabell*.

King. I doe not thinke her so vnnaturall.

Lords. My lord, I feare me it will prooue too true.

King. Mother, you are suspected for his death,
And therefore we commit you to the Tower,
Till further triall may be made thereof.

If you be guiltie, though I be your sonne,
Thinke not to finde me slacke or pitifull.

Qu. Nay, to my death, for too long haue I liued,
When as my sonne thinks to abridge my dayes.

King. Away with her, her wordes inforce these teares,
And I shall pitie her if she speake againe.

Qu. Shall I not moorne for my beloued lord?
And with the rest accompanie him to his graue.

Lords. Thus madam, tis the kings will you shall hence.

Qu. He hath forgotten me, stay, I am his mother.

Lords. That bootes not, therefore gentle madam goe,

Qu. Then come sweete death, & rid me of this greefe.

Lords. My lord, here is the head of *Mortimer*.

King. Go fetch my fathers hearse, where it shall lie,
And bring my funerall robes. Accursed head,
Could I haue rulde thee then, as I do now,
Thou hadst not hatcht this monstrous treacherie?
Heere comes the herse, helpe me to moorne my Lords:
Sweete father heere, vnto thy murdered Ghost,
I offer vp this wicked traitors head,
And let these teares distilling from mine eyes,
Be witnesse of my greefe and innocencie.

FINIS.